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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

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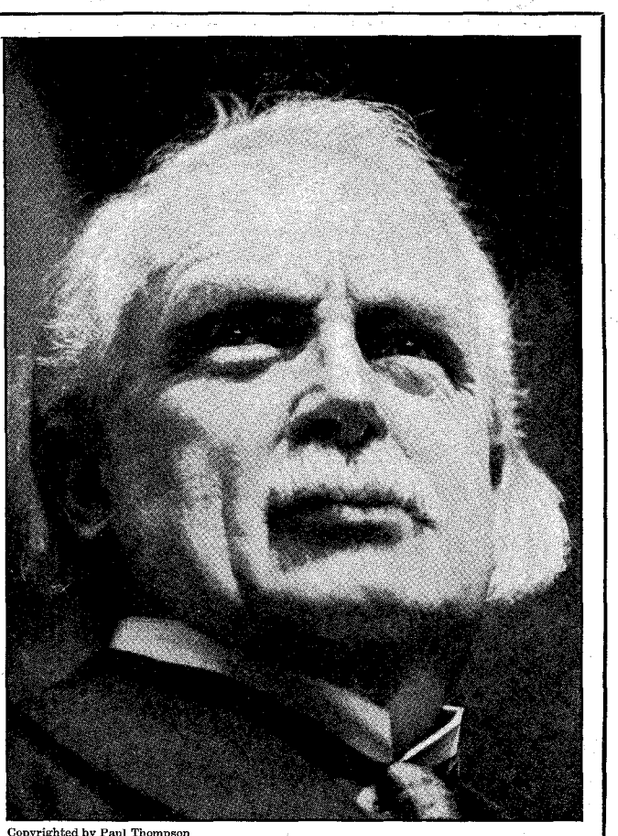
LLOYD GEORGE'S NEW STAGE IN WORLD AFFAIRS

EDITORIAL NOTE—*Realizing the far-reaching possible effects of Mr. Lloyd George's tour in Canada and the United States, THE LITERARY DIGEST cabled to representative dailies and weeklies in England, Scotland and Wales, asking their opinion of the reason for his coming and what they thought he would accomplish by his "swing 'round the circle." The illuminating responses of the overseas editors who cabled their verdicts are here reproduced to speak for themselves.*

LAST OF THE BIG FOUR responsible for the Versailles Treaty to be thrust from their eminence as statesmen-commanders in the World War by their dissatisfied peoples, Mr. Lloyd George is the first to attempt a return to popularity at home, as some see it, by a picturesque display of his fascinating personality and wizardry of words to sympathetic observers in Canada and the United States. Premier Orlando, of Italy, we are reminded, has been so completely overshadowed by the towering presence of Mussolini that many forget he was one of the Big Four at Versailles. Clemenceau made his appeal to American audiences for sympathy with France's attitude on the Treaty, but always on the distinct understanding that he was an old, old man and through for always with the political strife in his own country. Mr. Wilson is pictured as a noble tho shattered figure, a living monument of devotion to a great idea for which the world is still struggling. But Mr. Lloyd George, it is pointed out, who had been securely docketed by many of the newspapers of his country as a spent force in politics, is acclaimed in Canadian and American cities with all the color and thrill characterizing receptions to distinguished foreign visitors during the most exciting days of the war. Where some of his critics at home have sneered at his capacity and have alleged that he would never have seemed to be of statesman stature if it had not been for the blazing background of the holocaust of war against which he stood, others are now charging him with attempting to mount a new stage and accessories for leading the United States to a share in the reparations settlement, and to a kind of undefined entente between the English-speaking nations of the world. For a positive declaration of Mr. Lloyd George's purpose in visiting the United States, we have his remarks in a speech made at Minneapolis, when he said in part:

"I am not here on any mission, but let me say to you one thing—that until the United States of America, with its mighty influence, with its great power, with the moral command which it has in the world because of its past, the great claim that you won by coming into the war without any selfish purpose, but for a holy ideal, sending millions of your young men across to fight for liberty and for nothing else—until this great land casts its influence into the scale of peace, I despair of the future."



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"I AM NOT HERE ON ANY MISSION"

"But let me say to you one thing—that until this great land casts its influence into the scale of peace, I despair of the future."

Whatever the former Prime Minister's enemies at home think of his ideas and policies, they are in thorough agreement with him in the wish that the United States should understand the necessity for taking part in the consummation of the peace, as it did in the pursuance of the war. This is evident from the impressive group of cabled editorials that THE LITERARY DIGEST has received in answer to its inquiry about the reason for and the possible effect of Mr. Lloyd George's tour in the United States and Canada. The dailies and weeklies below quoted represent various shades of political opinion in the United Kingdom, and are offered without bias and for the purpose of enabling all readers, but especially readers in our own country, to understand the significance of the Lloyd George visit. We begin with the message of Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, editor of the Liberal Unionist London *Spectator*, which reads as follows:

"The editor of *The Spectator* finds great difficulty in expressing an opinion on the effects of Mr. Lloyd George's tour in the United States and Canada. Owing to grave differences that he has had with Mr. Lloyd George in the past, he feels that it would be

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hardly fair to throw a stone across the Atlantic at Mr. Lloyd George while he is enjoying so delightful a change from English politics. He can only say that he feels the greatest satisfaction that one of our most distinguished men is making first-hand acquaintance with the leaders of thought and of action both in the Dominion and in the United States. Nothing but good can come of such acquaintance, and Mr. Lloyd George has just those qualities of quick sympathy and ready eloquence which can take full advantage of the splendid reception he has received and is receiving. Every trace of old differences of opinion must be obliterated if they could prejudice even in the slightest degree so great a cause as the good relations of the English-speaking peoples. Home quarrels, however bitter, must never be exported."

Another Liberal Unionist newspaper, and the Liberal Unionist forces, it will be recalled, were the chief constituent elements in Mr. Lloyd George's Coalition Government, is the Glasgow *Citizen*, which says tersely:

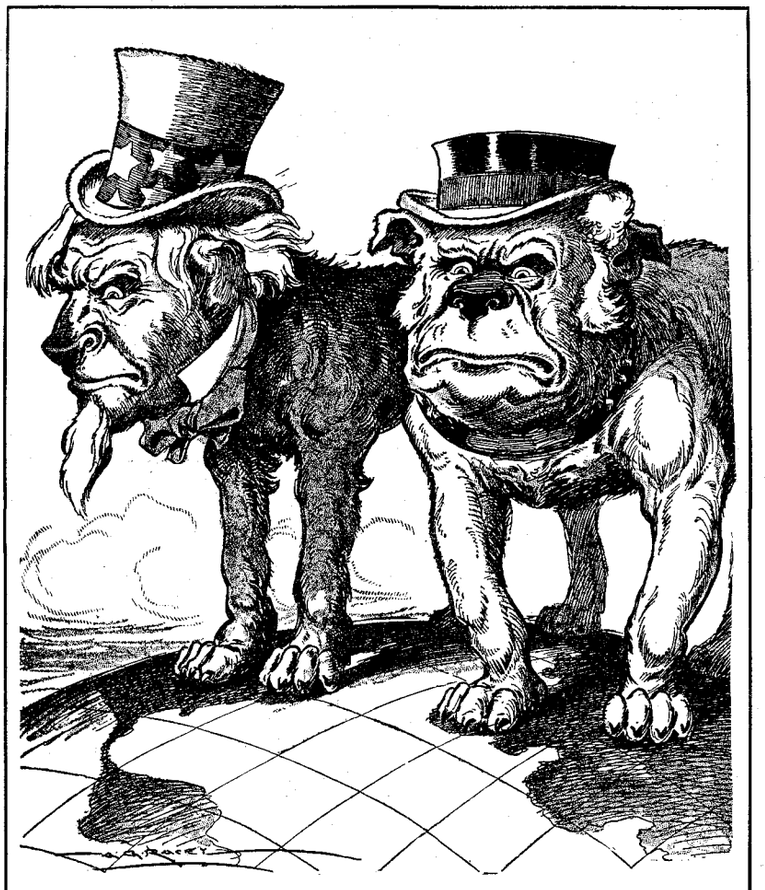
"Lloyd George, having lost popularity in Europe, has taken Canning's advice and 'called in a new world to redress balance of the old.' We do not think his visit will have any political effect anywhere. People naturally welcome a historic figure, but, after all, history is a thing of the past."

Among the Liberal press Editor Hobman of the London *Westminster Gazette* advises us that English politicians "expect Lloyd George to fascinate American audiences by his nimble magnetism," and he goes on to point out:

"Anything that produces a better understanding of Anglo-American problems and personalities is valuable in the long run. At present the ex-Premier is out of touch with home opinion, and has lost the key to popularity. No recovery is possible until and unless he ranges himself definitely on the Liberal side without conditions as to leadership or program. He is understood to be still coquetting with the center party idea, with Birkenhead and Winston Churchill."

Another Liberal daily, the Manchester *Guardian*, confesses that:

"It is difficult for us on this side of the ocean to estimate the effects of Lloyd George's visit in Canada. It has powerfully recalled the brotherhood in arms and quickened the sense of unity. In the United States it should have similar effect and, further, it can not fail to throw a searching light on the realities of the present situation in Europe. This needs to be examined without preconception or sentiment. Nobody is more fully informed than Lloyd George as to the public and private history of the negotiations of peace and its sequel. He is far from blameless in regard to the first, but has struggled hard to mitigate its consequences. He can show how desperately missed has been America's moderating influence. Her impartial word counts enormously on Europe, especially on French opinion. French policy backed by enormous armaments has ruined the situation, and threatens to ruin Europe. America may yet help save it."



TALKING ABOUT THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Here is one League of Nations that would make the chronic, scrappy ones throughout the world sit up and behave. "The whole world is looking for Anglo-American unity in the interest of Peace and Progress."

—Racey in the Montreal *Star*.

The Liverpool *Daily Post* (Lib.) is sure that Mr. Lloyd George's remarkable personality and vivid oratory will appeal strongly to the American temperament, and it adds that "these should make for improvement wherever that may be necessary in Anglo-American relations." The Leeds *Yorkshire Evening News* (Lib.) tells us that Lloyd George's sensitive heart and mind are like the lens of a camera. In the opinion of this paper—

"The different impressions made upon him by mixing with the people of the other side of the Atlantic will be like photographs a traveler takes to bring to us in this Old World—ampler and more intimate knowledge of the New World, its dreams, desires, achievements and ambitions."

From his own country, the Cardiff *South Wales News* (Lib.) cables as follows:

"Lloyd George's tour is all too short for bringing Americans to realize the great work he performed and to appreciate the enormous responsibilities resting upon the British. . . . It is urgently desirable that Americans, with restricted continental ideas, safe in their great territory, with practically no oversea commitments, should be enlightened as to the huge burden of the British Empire, and Lloyd George by a longer visit could have afforded this."

Very different is the tone of the Dundee *Advertiser* (Lib.), which considers the great acclaim of Lloyd George's welcome into America "a startling demonstration of how a politician may attain a popularity in a country which does not know and has not experienced him." This daily proceeds:

"Mr. George's stock has been very low in Britain for a year past, and his American visit is the conception of an astute politician, conscious that something striking must be done to retrieve it."

Turning to the Unionist press, among which perhaps are to be found Mr. Lloyd George's bitterest opponents, we find the London *Saturday Review* saying:

"The wizard on tour, or Lloyd George, is getting a tremendous reception on the other side of the Atlantic, and this may surprize some among us who had seen how here his star, once of the first magnitude, and that hardly more than a year ago, has waned and almost faded utterly away. But we know our Mr. Lloyd George very well, and the Americans and the Canadians don't know him at all, except by report. To them he is the very latest and biggest attraction, and they go all out to see and perchance hear him. For the moment he is more interesting than any cinema or cinema actor. In fact, he is the cinema of America."

On the other hand, the Unionist London *Daily Express*, according to its editor, Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld, believes that the wonderful reception given Lloyd George by the United States

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and Canada is an indication of the astonishing impression which this remarkable man has made on the Western Hemisphere during the past decade, and we are told further that:

"It is not so much Lloyd George the politician whom you are desirous of seeing, but the man of the knockout blow, who through long years of the world struggle never lost hope and was never discouraged. The result of his tour will be undoubtedly an enormously enhanced position at home."

Sir William Davies, editor of the Cardiff *Western Mail* (Unionist), informs us that Mr. Lloyd George's visit to America arose out of a long-standing promise to visit the numerous Welsh communities here.

Among the Conservative press, the Leeds *Yorkshire Post* remarks that people are not surprized in England at the welcome given to Lloyd George because "so magnetic in his personality that he would secure a welcome anywhere." The Leeds Yorkshire *Evening Post* observes:

"People here no longer have unreasonable expectations of American help for Europe, and therefore will not misinterpret Lloyd George's reception. They see in it America's appreciation of the most outstanding European personality in the Great War."

Another Conservative newspaper, the Liverpool *Evening Express*, cables as follows:

"His visit must lead to a better understanding between the English-speaking nations, and further interchanges would be to mutual advantage and promote the peace of the world."

The Sheffield *Telegraph* (Cons.) observes that:

"It is true he is out of office, but he has a large popular following in this country, and his magnetic personality renders his actions of outstanding interest. . . . It is impossible to forecast the result of his tour, but it is hoped that America may find it possible to take a more definite part in helping to restore peace and prosperity in Europe."

A FRENCH THRUST

THE SIOUX CHIEF (initiating Mr. Lloyd George): "I name you the Premier of Indian Givers." —*Le Matin* (Paris).

Among independent newspapers, the London *Sunday Times* thinks Lloyd George's tour, originally planned as a holiday visit, has inevitably become of far-reaching political importance in its bearing on Anglo-American cooperation in its settlement of world problems, and we are told further that:

"It is watched with considerable jealousy on this side by the Diehards, who fear the reaction of American and Canadian enthusiasm. . . . Should the present Government fail to develop a strong foreign policy and constructive home policy there may be a sharp swing of the pendulum in Lloyd George's favor."

The Manchester *Evening News* (Ind.) wonders whether the fervor of welcome Lloyd George is receiving indicates that he is being judged by Canada and America more justly than by his own country, or—

"It will not surprize us if his triumphal progress in America proves the prelude to another triumph here. In derision he has been called the Welsh wizard. The wizard's hand has not lost its cunning. His magic has conquered Britain before. It will probably do so again."

Mr. William Linton Andrews, editor of the Leeds *Mercury* (Ind.), tells us that:

"Our energetic war leader, tho in temporary eclipse, is sure to regain wide influence, owing to his eloquent imaginative power and personal persuasiveness."

In the view of the Birmingham *Evening Dispatch* (Ind.), whether Lloyd George's tour produces any tangible results depends upon how far he succeeds in arousing the consciousness of American public opinion on those tremendous issues—the settlement of the European deadlock and the preservation of world peace, and this daily adds:

"Nothing would be more gratifying to us than to learn that America would be willing to cast her powerful influence in favor of some proposal such as that of Secretary Hughes for the adjustment of Europe's difficulties and the substitution of reason for the discredited doctrine of force in the settlement of international disputes."

The Glasgow *Evening News* (Ind.) expresses the opinion that Mr. Lloyd George will probably regain the Premiership in a political upheaval, and it continues:

"Such a man is not easily extinguished. Meantime he is seeking new inspiration. Born a temperamental democrat he is naturally attracted to American democracy. Britain is no longer self-sufficient and insular. There must be a link between the New World and the Old. British statesmen, therefore, must understand America. Lloyd George is swift to sense new political currents, and will do all he can to foster sympathy and cooperation. He will probably return with ideas expanded, and possibly with new views of sane democratic imperialism."

Among the Labor press the probable results of the Lloyd George tour are estimated by Hamilton Fyfe, editor of *The Daily Herald* (London), as follows:

"While he is posing as the man who won the war, his late colleague, Winston Churchill, is accusing Haig of sacrificing fruitlessly enormous numbers of lives through his inability to think of anything but frontal attacks. This charge recoils on Lloyd George, who kept Haig in command in spite of protests along the same lines as those of Winston Churchill's criticisms."

Another labor opinion, that of Editor Johnston, M.P., of the Glasgow *Forward*, reads as follows:

"Lloyd George is in Canada and the United States primarily for his political health. Long ago his chief press supporter, Garvin of *The Observer*, publicly and repeatedly urged him to leave British politics for a long holiday. Lloyd George manifestly hopes that when the tangles and messes of his own creation are cleared up by some one else and British public have forgotten the more glaring inconsistencies and follies of his recent past, his political chance will come again, but British workers will not readily forget the apostle of peace who incited the new war with Turkey, using Greece as a pawn, the man who maneuvered the 'Hang-the-Kaiser election' and lost us a real peace at Versailles. He and his adjutant Birkenhead had better get their plaudits in America. We have them sized up here."

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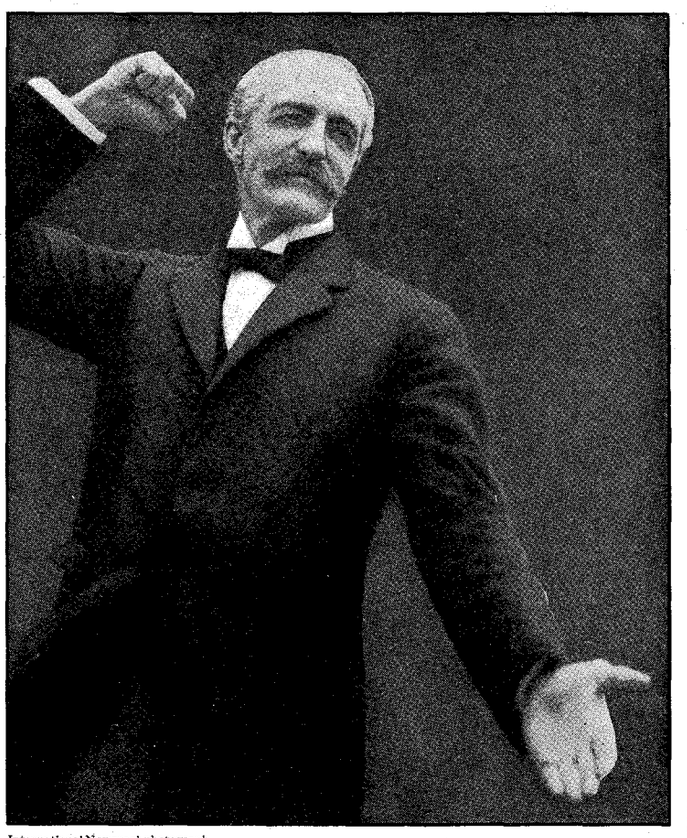
PINCHOT PUTS PROHIBITION UP TO THE PRESIDENT

THE PRELIMINARY TREMORS of a political earthquake were detected by Washington correspondents and editorial observers when Governor Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania, addressing the Citizens' Conference in Washington, deposited the responsibility for failure to enforce the Prohibition law on the doorstep of the Federal Government. The cure for non-enforcement, he says, is twofold—to take the Federal enforcement service out of politics, and to make its head responsible directly to the President. "The Eighteenth Amendment," he avers, "has been betrayed in the house of its friends"; there has been, he insists, "active practise and encouragement of law-breaking by officials high in the Government of the United States." "Governor Pinchot is regarded as having thrown down a flat political challenge to President Coolidge in his stinging indictment of the Federal Government's incompetence and corruption in enforcing Prohibition," reports Henry Suydam in a Washington dispatch to the Democratic Brooklyn *Eagle*. In Administrative circles, Mr. Suydam adds, the words of Pennsylvania's Governor, delivered within a few hundred feet of the White House, were regarded as peculiarly shocking. Robert Choate, in a dispatch from Washington to the Republican Boston *Herald*, describes Mr. Pinchot's speech as "the first frontal attack on President Coolidge." The Washington bureau of the independent Newark *Evening News* notes that "after two and a half months of immunity from attack, President Coolidge is now undergoing his first taste of political shell-fire." The Pinchot speech, says a Washington correspondent of the independent New York *Evening Post*, "is accepted on all sides as a challenge to President Coolidge." From Harrisburg a dispatch to the Republican New York *Tribune* characterizes the speech as "Pinchot's Presidential platform," and declares that:

"Whether or not the Pennsylvania Governor is an avowed candidate, is immaterial at present. From the standpoint of political leaders in the State, his hat is in the ring."

Governor Pinchot himself denies that his criticism of the Federal enforcement service has any political significance. Angus McSween in a Washington dispatch to the Republican Philadelphia *North American* claims to speak with authority when he says that the former had no thought of the Republican Presidential nomination in his mind when he prepared his speech, or when he delivered it. "It was the sincere utterance," says Mr. McSween, "of a man who deplores the complete breaking down of the law as it applies to the manufacture and sale of intoxicants, and who wished to present to the public such facts as he possest respecting this breakdown." "We do not suspect Governor Pinchot's sincerity," remarks the New York *Nation*, "but his every act seems to say: 'If Calvin Coolidge wants to be elected President, he will have to keep jumping.'" "The record of Governor Pinchot is too clean-cut to permit any one to question his sincerity on the Prohibition issue," agrees the Republican New York *Tribune*, but, it goes on to remind us:

"The practical effect of his speech has been to put enforcement into politics for the first time. Governor Pinchot doubtless felt like Sir Galahad brandishing his white sword. To the hard-headed public, his gesture seems far more like the shying of another hat into the political ring."



International Newsreel photograph

"THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT HAS BEEN BETRAYED"

But Governor Pinchot believes it can be enforced if the President will take "personal charge," as Washington did in the days of the Whisky Rebellion.

The speech which caused so many sensational reverberations was delivered by Governor Pinchot in Washington on October 14, before the National Citizenship Conference convened under the auspices of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. From the press report of the speech we quote the outstanding passages, beginning with the Governor's vigorous description of the present situation as he sees it:

"Two facts stand out in the confused and troubled enforcement situation of to-day. One is the steadily increasing determination of decent people to have the law enforced. The other is the steadily increasing violation of the law by the criminal elements.

"The Eighteenth Amendment has been betrayed in the house of its friends. Measured by the respect accorded to it, it has failed, and the reason is that no sincere, intelligent, and concerted nation-wide effort has ever been made to enforce it.

"We all know the proof of that. It is found in the ease with which great quantities of liquor are being smuggled into this country; in the huge amounts of bogus whisky manufactured from denatured alcohol; and in the continuing sale of high-power beer from the breweries in truckload and carload lots.

"It is idle to suggest that the law can not be enforced. That the Government of the United States, the most powerful nation on earth, with the people overwhelmingly behind it, is powerless before a few thousand, or a few hundred thousand, of assorted law-breakers, is simply unthinkable. The fact is that we have never really tried.

"The thing that has protected the liquor criminal from the law is politics. Politics first, law enforcement a poor second, has been the order."

Citing his own State as probably typical, Governor Pinchot declared that "The Federal enforcement service lost its soul through politics, and will never be worth its salt until it is taken wholly out of politics"; and he exprest his belief that "certain

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THIS IS NO TIME FOR CHILD'S-PLAY FOR POLITICAL EFFECT!

—Alley in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal.*

TAKING IT TO HEADQUARTERS

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger.*

CLASHING VIEWS OF PINCHOT'S MOTIVES

agents of the Federal Department not only wink at the violation of the law, but have served or are serving as collectors of the six or seven dollars a barrel graft money paid by brewers for immunity." The first step toward remedying this condition, he argues, is to take the Federal enforcement service in all the States out of politics. The second step, as Governor Pinchot sees it—and it is here that the politicians discover political dynamite—is to make the head of the Federal enforcement service, "until the present situation is cleaned up, responsible directly to the President of the United States." Under the present arrangement—with Prohibition enforcement under the direction of a subordinate Treasury Department official—there is too much buck-passing, the Governor argues. And then, the wide-spread violation of the Volstead Law is spreading disregard for all law; "the bootleggers, the lawless saloonmen, and the brewers are the head and front of the army of criminals in America." So—

"These brewers, bootleggers and saloonkeepers have made a larger issue than that between wets and drys. They have thrown down the gauntlet to all law under the Government of the United States. They defy our Constitution and our laws as did their ancestors, the outlaws of the Whisky Rebellion of Washington's time. Washington in that emergency, took personal charge of seeing that the law was respected as supreme, and was prepared to use all the powers of the Government, if necessary, to make it so. His example is a sound one to follow in the whisky rebellion of to-day.

"I am not one to disavow the responsibility of each State for enforcing the law. Pennsylvania need not shrink from comparison with any other State in this respect. But, I recognize, as every man must who has studied the situation, that the leading part in successful enforcement must be played by the nation. The Eighteenth Amendment was initiated in Washington. The Volstead Law was passed by the National Congress. The leadership in this matter belongs of right to the national Government, and can only be exercised by it. It has, and it alone can employ, powers granted to none of the States—powers without whose use the law can not be successfully enforced."

In thus "putting it up to the President," Governor Pinchot was apparently supported by the Citizenship Conference, which adopted a resolution declaring that "an expectant nation looks to the President to assert and maintain the majesty of the law." Many commentators who share Governor Pinchot's views of the situation reject the suggestion that he is actuated by political ambitions, and declare that he is merely trying to "put a fighting edge on public opinion." Spokesman for the drys are generally enthusiastic over his stand. "His plan to make the Prohibition unit a separate bureau responsible to the President would result in better law enforcement," says Wayne B. Wheeler, counsel for the Anti-Saloon League, who explains that—

"Under the present system every act of the Prohibition Commissioner is reviewable first by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, second by the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, then by the Secretary of the Treasury, and lastly by a Court of Equity. This means delay. These reviews by supervising officers, who are not familiar with all the facts, cripple and sometimes defeat effective enforcement.

"While the proposed plan will not take Federal enforcement out of politics, yet it would speed up enforcement and locate responsibility, which is not possible under the present system. Civil Service for Federal prohibition agents is the best method to take this department out of politics.

"For maximum results there should be further consolidation of all the functions relating to the administration of all law pertaining to the liquor traffic. This can be accomplished where the Department is now located, if there are fewer reviews and less red tape, or by the establishment of a separate bureau. The people will then know who is responsible for success or failure."

The editor of *The American Issue*, official organ of the Anti-Saloon League, interprets Governor Pinchot's words as a call for cooperation between Federal and State forces, rather than an attack upon the Administration. We are told that—

"Governor Pinchot's challenge to the Administration recalls recent charges brought against Secretary Mellon and Commissioner of Revenue Blair by the Philadelphia *North American*, a Republican newspaper. It has been pretty well established that in Governor Pinchot's State, at least, certain difficulties have been encountered in the enforcement of the dry law which the Federal enforcement unit alone can remove. Governor Pinchot's

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present activities against the bootleggers is evidence enough he has no desire to shift the whole responsibility of enforcement upon the Federal Government. *The American Issue* interprets the Governor's declaration to be a demand for a real cooperation of the State and Federal Governments for the enforcement of the law."

Governor Pinchot, speaking "with brutal but necessary frankness," remarks the New York *Evening Mail* (Ind.) "has laid bare the facts." The note he has sounded, it adds, "will echo and reecho across the continent until respect for law triumphs in this nation." "No rational-minded American can doubt the untimate fulfilment of Governor Pinchot's prophecy and pledge with respect to Prohibition enforcement," declares the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times*. (Rep.). And in the independent New York *Evening Post* we read:

"Over the greater part of the country public opinion is overwhelmingly for enforcement. In the dissident sections enforcement has behind it at the very least a powerful minority. This minority in the States affected thus assimilates itself with enforcement opinion outside the State against hostile opinion within the State. The conclusion, therefore——?

"The only conclusion is the one drawn so forcefully by Governor Pinchot yesterday and emphasized by others before him. The Federal Government as representative of the national sentiment must put much greater energy than it has hitherto done into the enforcement of the law. The administration of the Prohibition law, as Pinchot pointed out, has not always been in sympathetic and competent hands. The enforcement personnel, for the magnitude of the task it faces, is miserably undermanned. The appropriations are ridiculous. It is almost burlesque to be confronted with pleas from the Prohibition Commissioner for an additional $10,000,000 appropriation."

As William Allen White, editor of the Emporia *Gazette* sees it—

"The Prohibition law can not be enforced by the Federal Government under the system of patronage now prevailing unless the President of the United States does one of two things—either puts righteousness and the fear of God into wet Senators or breaks with them. Neither alternative is easy. It will require courage, audacity and great political skill, in any case.

"But unless the President uses these qualities, Federal enforcement will continue to be a farce, and if it is, the Republican party in the West is lost, and so the nation."

Many influential papers, on the other hand, remark that Governor Pinchot completely ignores one big fact in his diagnosis of the enforcement situation—namely, the large body of citizens in good standing who do not believe in Prohibition. "What he does not see," comments the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind. Dem.) "is that the uprising against Volsteadism is not a riot of the few, but the revolution of the many; that the vast majority of the rebels are not criminals, but respectable and intelligent citizens, and that great governmental principles are involved, and not merely the suppression of bootlegging." "Prohibition fails because it lacks the support of a sufficient public sentiment to make it a success," declares the Springfield *Union* (Rep.), which adds: "It has undertaken to make something criminal which is not in itself criminal, something sinful which is not in itself sinful, something immoral which is not in itself immoral." When Mr. Pinchot limits the opposition to Prohibition to "a few thousand or a few hundred thousand of assorted lawbreakers," remarks the Newark *Evening News* (Ind.),

"Either he does not know what he is talking about or he blandly ignores millions of persons to whom the writing of a controversial piece of sumptuary legislation into the organic law is downright offensive. The people's heart is all right; they love and respect their Government. But it is an axiom with students of government that laws lose their force when they run counter to the imbedded customs of generations of people, and that such laws are not easily enforceable, if enforceable at all, in large sections where they do not command the respect of the majority.

"Indications are not wanting that this is the case in the southern section of New York State and in New Jersey as a whole. Where the people can not see a great moral issue involved in the uprooting of custom, custom is still the order of the day. That is why to Mr. Pinchot's 'few hundred thousand of assorted lawbreakers' must be added nobody knows how many millions of decent people, gladly amenable to laws that embody the spirit of the Ten Commandments and even the Golden Rule, who are made highly resentful when this sumptuary question is converted by politics into a specious question of right and wrong."

Then, too, many protests are raised against Governor Pinchot's proposal to add Prohibition enforcement to the President's already too heavy responsibilities. The proposal might deserve consideration, remarks the Philadelphia *Bulletin* (Rep.) "if one were to admit that the President of the United States is primarily a National Chief of Police." "The job of drying up the country is not one for the White House," declares the Democratic Providence *News*. Federal Judge C. B. Witner hits at Governor Pinchot's suggestion in the following words, according to a dispatch from Scranton, Pennsylvania, to the New York *Times*:

"It seems strange that Governor Pinchot, in a speech, is reported as having called upon President Coolidge to personally take charge of the liquor question while he, the Governor, is content to shove all the liquor violations into the Federal Court, thereby clogging the trial lists and preventing the administration of law and justice in matters equally as important, in addition to preventing litigants from obtaining an early trial and disposing of their respective rights; while the State courts remain idle and waiting for business.

"Instead of calling on others to take personal supervision of liquor violations, the Governor ought to set an example by using the State courts to punish violators."

In somewhat similar vein ex-Governor Henry J. Allen of Kansas declares that if he were Governor of Pennsylvania he would enforce Prohibition there by martial law instead of "passing the buck" to the President. As quoted by a Washington correspondent Mr. Allen said:

"If I were the Governor of Pennsylvania and 1,300 bootleggers of Philadelphia had sent me word that they did not intend to obey the law of Pennsylvania, the next morning Philadelphia would be awakened by the reveille of a soldier's bugle, and that night she'd go to bed at soldiers' taps, and every saloon would wear a padlock.

"Gifford Pinchot could do this, the same as he could place under control 1,300 men who had announced their intention to rob the banks of Philadelphia, and it is my prediction that he will do it before he is through. There is not a Governor in the United States who can not enforce the Volstead Law if he will use all the powers which the Constitution and the people have given him. Some Governors say they are waiting for public opinion to get behind them. This is a case where the Governor must lead public opinion, and it will follow fast enough."

The upshot of this "remarkable controversy," predicts the Syracuse *Herald* (Ind.) "will in all probability be a formidable attempt to commit the Sixty-eighth Congress to a more elaborate, expensive and vigorous enforcement policy." Congress, not Coolidge, is to blame for the fact that Federal Prohibition enforcement agents are not subject to civil-service examinations, but are appointed under the political spoils system, notes the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.).

Addressing the same conference that heard Governor Pinchot's speech, Prohibition Commissioner Roy O. Haynes declared that "President Coolidge stands four-square for enforcement of the Prohibition law and is no less whole-hearted regarding this matter than the late President Harding." And *The Republican* is sure that—

"In so far as the Governor's criticism may be construed as a reflection on President Coolidge's attitude toward Prohibition enforcement, it is manifestly without point because the President's own influence is strongly for enforcement. And it is premature to blame him for whatever defects the enforcement organization may have shown. It should also be said that Commissioner Haynes is a zealous and tireless official, who has hitherto made slow progress against formidable obstacles to any law enforcement whatever."

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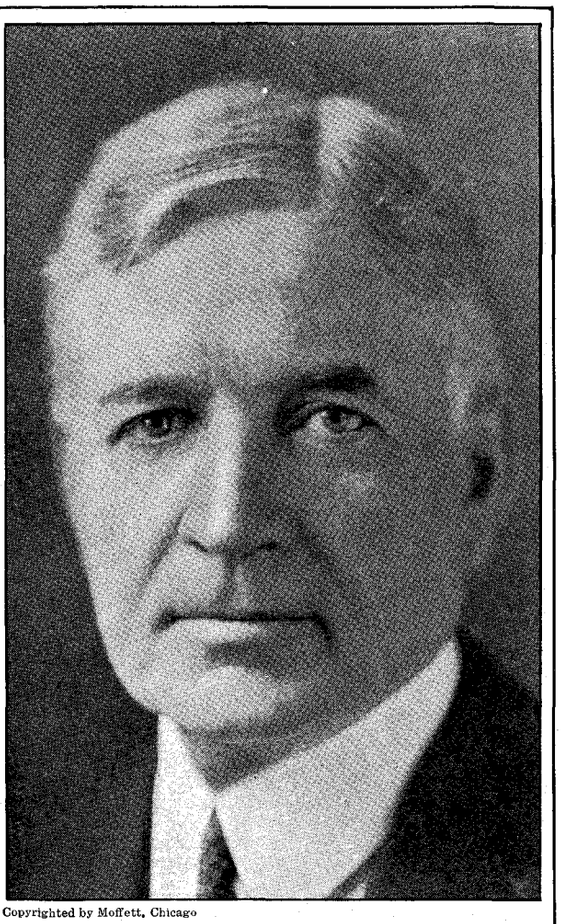
NOW FOR A WHEAT-GROWERS' UNION

ALL SORTS OF QUACK NOSTRUMS have been proposed lately for placing the wheat-growing industry on its feet, but the most ambitious and far-reaching movement, as well as the most practical and hopeful, in the opinion of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, is the national cooperative marketing association formed in Chicago recently and headed by former Governor Lowden, of Illinois. The fact that the foremost cooperative marketing authorities of the country helped to organize this association, and that their plans are approved by President Coolidge's agricultural commission now touring the wheat States, give it, in the opinion of many editors, a prestige that few other such organizations have attained. Furthermore, declares Senator Capper's paper, the Topeka *Capital*, "Governor Lowden's leadership will count for much in this undertaking, for he is a farmer as well as a business man."



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THE NEW MOSES

Former Governor Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, picked by cooperative interests to lead the wheat-growers out of their financial Egypt into the promised land of prosperity.

The Birmingham *News*, on the other hand, looks upon this sudden evidence of interest in the wheat-grower as "poorly disguised political strategy." "Anybody with an ounce of brains can see that the Administration is making a brave showing in order to create a new sort of political psychology in the West on the eve of a national election," avers this Alabama daily. And while the Birmingham paper's friendship for Senator Underwood, avowed candidate of the Democratic party, may cause it to see the wheat situation through Democratic glasses, we find practically the same sentiment in the Minneapolis *Minnesota Star*, a labor organ published in the center of the wheat-belt. "The President's envoys are now in the Northwest supporting cooperation solely because of the menace to the dominant political party of the Northwest progressive vote," declares *The Star*. Senator Magnus Johnson, of Minnesota, takes the same view—that "the G. O. P. is talking cooperation to the wheat-grower solely as a means of 'passing the buck.'" For, he points out, "Minnesota is thick with cooperative societies, yet the best marketing organization is sorely handicapped if there is no market." And that is the situation, almost all editors agree, at the present time. There is an over-production of wheat.

The Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* hotly resents the imputation that Mr. Coolidge is attempting to "pass the buck," and reminds us, in support of its argument, that those in attendance at Chicago were drawn from the ranks of agriculture and finance rather than from the political field. Moreover, asserts the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, whose editor is a member of the Executive Committee of the new organization:

"Cooperative marketing is a sound prescription for such conditions as those which now depress wheat farming. There is no reason why it should not be as efficacious when applied to wheat as it has been in its application to tobacco, fruit and cotton.

"It is true that to organize the wheat-growers of the United States into a national cooperative association is a big undertaking, but there are big forces behind it. Headed by Frank O. Lowden and backed by some of the most intelligent and practical students of agricultural and economic conditions, including such authoritative specialists as B. M. Baruch and Aaron Sapiro, the project is launched most auspiciously.

"It will be developed on the theory, or rather the fact, that good wheat prices can not be insured without the prevention of the demoralization that results from the dumping of the crop on the market at harvest time. The only way to prevent that demoralization is to prevent the dumping, and the only way to prevent the dumping is to control the wheat harvested, without hardship to the growers, and the regulation for its marketing at the most favorable times and the best attainable prices.

"Cooperative marketing is the only plan yet devised by which that can be done. It is done by cooperative marketing in the case of other important commodities, and it can be done in the case of wheat."

This is the way the Chicago body will work, according to an article by William L. Ayers in the Chicago *Journal of Commerce:*

"The organization of this cooperative marketing association will be modeled along the lines of the similar organizations handling the marketing of cotton and tobacco which have proved eminently successful and made the farmers growing those crops the most prosperous in the country. Its activities will be devoted solely to wheat, the principle being that the entire explanation for the low price of this commodity in the domestic and world markets is the fact that the entire crop is dumped on the market as soon as it is harvested and causes price demoralization.

"Each State will be a unit in the national organization, and all activities will be national in scope. There will be no connection with any local cooperative scheme or with any existing society or association."

Many bankers and Board of Trade interests in Chicago, and Chamber of Commerce officials and practical grain men in Minneapolis are reported to be against the new plan. The Philadelphia *Public Ledger*'s Chicago correspondent, for instance, finds among Chicago wheat-traders these arguments against the cooperative idea:

"Wheat is a world crop. The United States does not produce it all. And, in the natural course, the market price for wheat in this country is made by the price offered for whatever exportable surplus there is, no matter how small."

In the opinion of the President of the Chicago Board of Trade:

"The whole matter simmers down to the fact that while the fruit-grower must build up a special taste for his product, the grain-grower must simply fulfil the world demand. While the fruit-grower has no regular marketing machinery, the grain-grower has marketing machinery that has been built up by years of study and experiment; machinery that functions at a lower cost than exists in the marketing of any other staple food-stuff.

"It is obvious, therefore, that to apply the cooperative fruit-marketing idea to grain would simply mean the duplication of existing marketing machinery at a tremendous cost."

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FORD POLITICS IN MUSCLE SHOALS

ANDREW JACKSON'S DREAM of a great city near Muscle Shoals on the Tennessee was revived by the population of the region thereabouts when the Government started its great war-time power project and was given new life by Henry Ford's plan for peace-time development. So it is no wonder that whenever the negotiations between Ford and the Government get into a tangle, the people in Florence, Sheffield and Tuscumbia, and far out into the country for many miles in every direction, become, as a recent traveler in Alabama put it, "nervous and jumpy from waiting for the decision that would tell the future of the project." But when Mr. Ford makes Muscle Shoals a political issue, the nervousness and jumpiness communicates itself to politicians everywhere — especially in Washington. Now Muscle Shoals, remarks one editor, is almost as mysterious as "relativity"; he thinks that "scarcely more than twelve Americans are alive who can understand the financial and engineering feasibility of Mr. Ford's Muscle Shoals project." But every newspaper correspondent and wide-awake editor seems to be able to understand the political issue that has been raised. Secretary of War Weeks, a conservative Republican and ex-banker, sells to private capitalists a part of the Muscle Shoals project for which Ford had bid. Ford attacks the Secretary as a tool of Wall Street and an enemy of the farmers. Weeks counters with an explanation that the sale was compelled by contract and is in no wise injurious to Ford's Muscle Shoals purposes. Quotations from each statement appear farther on in this article.

THE CRYSTAL-GAZER

—Harper in the Birmingham *Age-Herald*.

Legal, financial and technical questions aside, editors and correspondents alike agree that a new political issue has been precipitated, especially as the controversy synchronizes with Mr. Ford's refraining from action to take his name off the presidential primary ballot in Nebraska and with renewed talk about Ford's intention to return his war profits to the Government. To the Newark *News* (Ind.) it looks "as tho Mr. Ford's hat had been catapulted into the political arena." Ford, notes the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Dem.), "is in a fighting mood, and that means there will be a red-hot campaign next year." After his attack on Secretary Weeks, says Arthur Brisbane to the millions of readers of the Hearst dailies, "Ford will be bound to enter the 1924 election as a candidate against the Republican party, and let farmers decide between him and the Republican Administration." Everybody in Washington, agrees Mr. Charles Michelson of the New York *World* (Dem.), sees in Ford's attack on Mr. Weeks a sign that he "has decided to go after the Presidency." The Birmingham *Age-Herald's* (Dem.) Washington correspondent thinks the Ford-Weeks controversy will develop into "a fight such as has not been seen since the Pinchot-Ballinger knockdown and dragout. Hostility has been smoldering for a long time and now it has broken loose." The correspondent of the St. Paul *Dispatch* (Rep.) admits that this new row over Muscle Shoals "is a political event of the first importance," for "it will add to the political troubles of the Republican Administration in the West, and, taken along with the low price of wheat, may result in an agrarian party being formed in the next election." "Couple the attack on Weeks with the Ford acceptance of a place on a Nebraska third-party ticket, and the Ford tactics are clear" to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* (Ind.): "Muscle Shoals is to be used as a thorn in the flank of Congress, the Administration, and the Republican party."

The Louisville *Times* (Dem.) is thoroughly convinced that Ford is a real politician:

"If there are 7,000,000 farm proprietors in America, about that number will read the statement of Mr. Ford that Mr. Weeks's friends wish to continue making millions by exploiting the farmer through high prices for fertilizer, and don't want him to break the braced market by selling fertilizer at low prices, while running power-lines in every direction, for 200 miles, from Muscle Shoals.

"If Henry Ford is not in politics, he is at least showing good form, in turf parlance, as a writer of statements-for-publication marvelously like stump speeches."

"The Ford candidacy is a real candidacy," is the way the Toledo *Blade* puts it, and the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.) says:

"If Mr. Ford were a plain hard-boiled capitalist with no political ambitions, he would make no such uproar as he has over the Gorgas steam-plant, even if his Muscle Shoals project as a whole had been defeated by its disposal to other interests. A capitalist with no vision of the Presidency would quietly concentrate on other enterprises.

"That influences political in character may have worked in Congress to prevent Mr. Ford from getting Muscle Shoals is not beyond belief, but we are now made aware of the fact that the Ford organization can play politics also—with what effect the spring primaries will disclose."

It is interesting to find that the nervousness among politicians over this recrudescence of the Ford candidacy is not confined to either great party. In a Democratic paper we find the headline: "G. O. P. DELIGHTED AT PUSHING FORD INTO DEMOCRACY," and in a Republican daily we find this headline interpretation of Democratic thought: "DEMOCRATS PIN HOPES TO FORD'S PARTY DIVIDING VOTE." The danger from the Republican side has already been explained in terms of the farmer vote, but the Republican Manchester *Union* explains that the Democrats also are worried over Ford's entrance into the political arena via Muscle Shoals:

"Such a development is bound to upset and demoralize Democratic party-plans. As a Presidential aspirant Ford is sure to have a good deal of support in the Democratic convention, altho nearly every one of the leaders of the party opposes his nomination. But the possibility of Ford as a possible Democratic nominee is not the sole worry in the situation for the Jeffersonian leaders. They probably fear him even more as a possible independent candidate who would raise Cain with the political dope and throw the campaign into a realm of uncertainty beyond accurate precalculation."

But what has all this political talk to do with the likelihood of Mr. Ford's making nitrates at Muscle Shoals? The situation, as revealed in recent press dispatches, is far from simple. It

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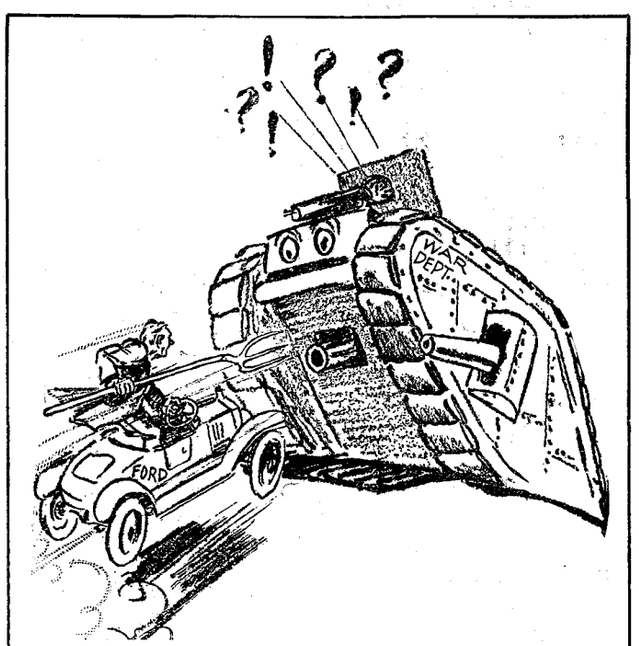
will be remembered that toward the end of the war the Government decided to build a huge power-plant at Muscle Shoals, primarily for the manufacture of nitrates. The enormous Wilson dam was started, but it was not finished at the end of the war, and in 1920 work was suspended, to be resumed two years later. According to Secretary Weeks the Government spent about $102,000,000 on the project. After the war Henry Ford made an offer for the property, which then seemed in a fair way to be abandoned. This involved a cash payment of $5,000,000. The bid was laid before Congress, which failed to take action. Last month Mr. Ford conferred with President Coolidge and Secretary Weeks to discuss an amendment of the Ford bid, leaving out one unit of the project, the Gorgas steam-power plant on the Warrior River in a coal-mining region, some ninety miles from Muscle Shoals. This furnished auxiliary power. But it was built on the property of the Alabama Power Company, and the Government agreed that it would eventually remove the new buildings or sell them to the company. The Attorney-General had passed upon the legality of the contract with the power company. Newspaper correspondents, writing about the time of the White House conference, agreed that the Administration was desirous of letting Ford have Muscle Shoals, if he would give up the Gorgas plant and transmission line. The power company finally gave the Government until September 24 to decide whether to remove the Gorgas plant or accept its offer to buy it. On that date it was announced by the Secretary of War that the United States had sold the Gorgas plant to the Alabama Power Company for $3,472,487.25. President Coolidge gave it out that he considered Ford's offer unharmed by the sale, that the steam plant has no more connection with the whole project than "an apple has to the stem after it has fallen off the tree." A number of newspapers, however, called the sale fatal to the Ford plan. The spokesman for the National Farm Bureau Federation insisted that the auxiliary plant was vital. On October 11 Mr. Ford came out with an attack upon the Secretary of War, reading in part:

"Long ago Mr. Weeks matured in his mind the plan to break up Muscle Shoals and dispose of it piecemeal. When he sold the steam-plant at Gorgas, he pulled the first stitch in unraveling the greatest single prospect ever held out to the American farmer and manufacturer. This plan was formed by John W. Weeks for the purpose, as he thought, of injuring Henry Ford. Which shows



THE BATTLE OF MUSCLE SHOALS

—Page in the Louisville *Courier-Journal.*

BUMP FOR BUMP

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger.*

how much a Boston bond broker, in politics for a pastime, knows about industrial problems.

"But the injury has shot past Henry Ford and has landed on the farmers. I was willing to demonstrate at Muscle Shoals that power and fertilizer would be produced at much lower cost than now, and that the Government could be assured of an adequate supply of war nitrates. Muscle Shoals intact would be the greatest munitions plant on earth. Muscle Shoals in its nitrate production is our greatest insurance against war, or if war comes, our greatest assurance of victory—but apparently that does not count with the head of the War Department.

"My offer is still before Congress. I shall not withdraw it. But I want to say this: If I get Muscle Shoals we shall run power lines 200 miles in every direction from Muscle Shoals. We have been working and have learned how to send power long distances without losses by leakage."

In reply to what he called Mr. Ford's "personal attack" "filled with reckless assertions," Secretary Weeks stated that the Government could not avoid living up to its contract to sell the Gorgas property to the power company and that the $3,500,000 paid by the power company could be deducted, if Mr. Ford so desired, from his original offer of $5,000,000. He went on to deny that the Gorgas steam-plant is essential to the Ford plans:

"Mr. Ford's declared purpose in purchasing the Muscle Shoals is the manufacture of nitrates for fertilization purposes.

"I have never opposed Mr. Ford's securing the use of this water-power or any other equipment we have, provided he is able to give such assurance of its being devoted to this particular purpose, as will satisfy Congress and properly protect the public interest. That he could ever economically make nitrates by the use of steam-power is denied by every expert adviser."

On the day this statement was published the newspapers also carried statements from Mr. Ford's secretary to the effect that the Ford books are being audited with a view to turning back Ford's war profits to the Government, and that Mr. Ford while unwilling to say "yes" or "no" to questions about his Presidential candidacy, feels "that if certain citizens of Nebraska wished to circulate petitions bearing his name, they have a right to do so."

The uncertainty in which the Ford bid for Muscle Shoals is left, in spite of Mr. Ford's statement that his offer still stands, is noted by the Philadelphia *Record:*

"He may be willing to take the larger project without the smaller one, which he could, of course, duplicate easily enough, or he may mean that he stands by his original offer, but the Government has got to cancel the sale and include that with Muscle Shoals if it shall accept his offer."

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CHINA'S NEW $10,000,000 PRESIDENT

JUST AS THE WORLD WAS BEGINNING to forget China, it breaks into the news again with a new President, a new war, a new Constitution, the celebration of its twelfth anniversary as a republic—and an election scandal. The new war, declared by Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, of Canton, "was as inevitable as it is likely to prove harmless," thinks the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "for social ethics will demand that contact with opposing forces be avoided as often as possible, if not oftener." The charge that the new President, Tsao Kun, bought the votes of hundreds of members of the Chinese Parliament, however, is treated more seriously by American editors, since practically all Asiatic correspondents of American papers agree that sufficient basis for the accusation exists. "All Chinese papers in Shanghai bitterly condemn the action of Parliament in electing Tsao Kun, and declare that its members were actuated by bribery," cables James L. Butts to the Washington *Star*, and correspondents of such well-known papers as the Chicago *Daily News*, Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and New York *Times* agree that "money talks in China." As Clifford Fox bluntly puts it in the Chicago paper:

"Tsao Kun bought the Presidency at a cost of approximately $10,000,000. All balloting in the election was secret. The entire proceedings were brazenly and frankly corrupt. But the Chinese mind can not grasp the idea that there is dishonesty in accepting money for votes."

The election of Tsao Kun marks the turning of a new leaf in the affairs of the Chinese Republic, but what the new leaf will bring is variously interpreted by American editors. "Whether it means that China is to be further shaken by civil war, or that the new Executive will be able to bring about an era of peace is the paramount question," notes the Los Angeles *Times*. In his short inauguration address, China's new President said:

FROM PEDDLER TO PRESIDENT

May be the title of Tsao Kun's biography—when it is written. He has risen from the lowly estate of pushcart peddler, to the presidency of China's 400,000,000 people.

"Nations can not live unto themselves. If a nation desires help, it must first help itself. In recent years the friendly Powers have rendered much assistance to China. It is for us to do our utmost in fulfilling treaty obligations and adjusting foreign debts. Only in that way shall we succeed in promoting friendly relations."

Already the new President has received a joint note from the diplomatic corps at Peking reiterating the demands made last May for indemnities for those foreigners who were captured and held for ransom. "But how they expect to collect a heavy indemnity, they fail to make clear," observes the New York *World*, which looks upon the election of Tsao Kun as "a declaration of independence of the foreign Ambassadors at Peking."

Until Tsao Kun was elected, China had been without a President for more than three months. In the opinion of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, his election "looks like a forward step out of the recently existing chaos." Continues *The Inquirer:*

"Parliamentary government has broken down even more completely in China than in Spain, Italy and Germany, and the situation distinctly calls for such a dictatorship as Tsao Kun is well qualified to establish. If order is to be restored in China, it must be with a strong hand, and it was through the successful employment of strong-arm methods that Tsao Kun attained to prominence and power."

"Tsao Kun has yet to deal with Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, who is acting as President in the South of China," asserts the Newark *News*. But provincial armies, which for centuries have thrived in China to the detriment of internal peace, are eliminated by the new Constitution of the Chinese Republic, we are told in an Associated Press dispatch from Peking. The New York *Herald*, on the other hand, maintains that—

"The Provinces will have far more power than was delegated to them under the Provisional Constitution. They will organize their own provincial forces for maintaining order and they will be freed from interference by the national Army. Provisions are also made for the control of local affairs by boards of commissioners. This will mean that Peking will no longer have power to appoint the Governors of the Provinces.

"The new Constitution is modeled more closely upon American ideals than was the Provisional Constitution. The powers of the central authorities are strictly limited to national affairs. Its chief functions are dealing with foreign matters and the establishment and maintenance of a national Army, a uniform system of administration of justice and the levying and collecting of national taxes.

"The authors of the new Constitution believe that it will limit the powers of the Tuchuns, or military Governors, and it will place the actual control of the Provinces in bodies of responsible men whose interest it will be to establish order and end the excesses of the bands of robbers who have infested the country.

"The military leaders of the North have agreed to keep their hands off the central Government and to give Tsao Kun a chance to work out in his own way China's salvation. The new Constitution, which is to guide him, appears on paper to be a notable document."

Even with the election of China's new President, "it is clear," declares the New York *Times*, "that China remains without a national Government that is in any way comparable to such an institution as we know it." Moreover, the Detroit *News* is afraid "the situation in China has gone from bad to worse, both for that Republic and for the world outside." These opinions are shared by the Chicago *Daily News*, the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times*, and other papers. As the Chicago paper puts it:

"China in recent years has been divided into armed camps ruled by rival military leaders, and Tsao Kun's election in Peking falls so far short of accomplishing anything toward the much desired unification of the country that it actually emphasizes and sharpens the division. Already Sun Yat-Sen, ruling in Canton, has issued a call to other chieftains to join him in taking up arms against Tsao Kun. . . . .

"Peace and a measure of prosperity can return to China only when the rival military leaders make good their frequently uttered promises to disband their armies and cease appropriating the public revenues for the expansion of military establishments that make industry next to impossible and covertly encourage and protect banditry on a huge scale. In the present situation the attitude of the Powers is important. They might easily help to restore order to the politically and financially bankrupt Chinese republic by inducing the rival leaders to cooperate on plans in the national interest. They can only prolong a miserable situation by recognizing the Tsao Kun Government, the impotent product of shameless corruption."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

WE'LL bet Calvin Coolidge likes the silent drama.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

A STRIKE isn't really settled until the consumer's bills are.—*Associated Editors (Chicago).*

THE chief cause of war, however, is the submissiveness of cannon fodder.—*Anaheim (Cal.) Plain Dealer.*

THE early North American Indian made a great mistake by not having an immigration bureau.—*Cleveland Times.*

THE millennium is waiting patiently until the time comes when reform will begin where charity does.—*Sacramento Bee.*

WE shall not join the Klan while they continue to charge ten dollars for ordinary cotton nighties.—*Fresno Republican.*

HALF of the world is said to be engaged in agriculture. That's how the other half lives. —*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

AH, well, the modern girl may know less about making bread, but she knows more about making dough.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE Græco-Italian incident is now declared closed. This will be a great relief to those Greeks killed when the Italian Navy shelled Corfu.—*Dallas Times Herald.*

MORE than two-thirds of the annual output of gold in the world is produced in the British Empire. But most of it goes to the United States. —*Toronto Globe.*

THE silk districts of Japan, it is announced, have not been affected by the recent disaster; so there will be no great amount of suffering in the American working classes, after all.—*Chicago American Lumberman.*

IT is reported that it is raining oil in China—*Arkansas Oil and Mineral News.* We shouldn't wonder. That's probably the bottom falling out of one of the Texas oil-wells that so many oil enthusiasts bought stock in.—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat (Hot Springs).*

ACCORDING to medical testimony the average man is much more active than his ancestors. He has to be if he is a pedestrian. —*Punch (London).*

A REPUBLIC is a land in which everybody knows how the thing should be handled except the official who has the job in hand.— *San José Evening News.*

Now we are told that the square meal of the future will consist of vibrations. It will be all right if we can pay the check that way.—*Cleveland Times.*

Is it really the case, or is it a mere coincidence that Italy has seemed a bit more tractable since Ireland joined the League of Nations?—*Kansas City Star.*

IF Canadians and Englishmen won't help Uncle Sam enforce prohibition, he might, as a last resort, appeal to Americans.— *Fort Smith (Ark.) Times-Record.*

THE plan used by the British forces at the battle of Bunker Hill was recently sold in a London auction room, but was not purchased by an American. American collectors are apparently satisfied with the possession of the hill.—*New York Evening Post.*

ANOTHER WADES TO THAT SADDLE

—Pease in the Newark *News.*

ANOTHER drop in wheat prices. Now say it with flours.— *Columbia Record.*

WE have a notion that the Greeks will continue to shine just the same.—*Cleveland Times.*

THEY say there is an increase in child labor. We say it isn't noticeable around the home.—*Columbia Record.*

CALLING some men Presidential possibilities imposes a great strain on the word "possibility."—*Birmingham News.*

IT is getting to where a public official. every time he does his duty, is accused of seeking publicity.—*San Diego Tribune.*

MUSSOLINI knows the ancient trick of keeping the people loyal to him by keeping them mad at somebody else.—*Long Beach Telegram.*

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE isn't playing politics, they say, and that is about the best way to play politics at the moment. —*Denver Express.*

IT is said there will be little change in women's clothes this year. Then perhaps there will be a little more change in men's. —*American Lumberman.*

THE LITERARY DIGEST headlines, "The Hard Part of the Hard Coal Settlement." It was pretty soft for the miners and operators —*Nashville Banner.*

MEXICO has refused to enter the League of Nations. In some quarters this is regarded as another moral victory for the League.—*Punch (London).*

CLOTHIERS state that 37 men out of every 100 make one suit of clothes last two years. Sixty-three men would like to know where those fellows get their clothes.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

"CUPTACATHESIA," a sixth sense that enables the possessor to intuitively perceive the truth, has been discovered by a French scientist. He asserts that this sixth sense is especially developed in women. A lot of husbands will wonder why this is hailed as a recent discovery.—*Omaha Bee.*

IF these expensive lawsuits against the KKK continue, the organization will be compelled to raise the dues rather than the deuce.—*Houston Press.*

A PROFESSOR of geology says that primeval deposits of fish are the source of all oil-wells. Now the modern fish are buying stock in the wells.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

JAZZ music seems to be improving. At a jazz-band performance the other night it was so quiet that the audience could almost have heard a revolver fired.—*Punch (London).*

FOR the country as a whole there is said to be one public employee for every twelve taxpayers. Twelve useful citizens out of thirteen is a very comforting ratio.—*New York Evening Post.*

THE way THE LITERARY DIGEST assimilates all the mixed opinions of American newspapers—and thrives on the diet—proves its right to claim the greatest digestion in the world.— *Grand Rapids Herald.*

OKLAHOMA discovered the other day an effective method for making reluctant citizens go to the polls. All you have to do is to prohibit people from voting and leave human nature to do the rest.—*New York Evening Post.*

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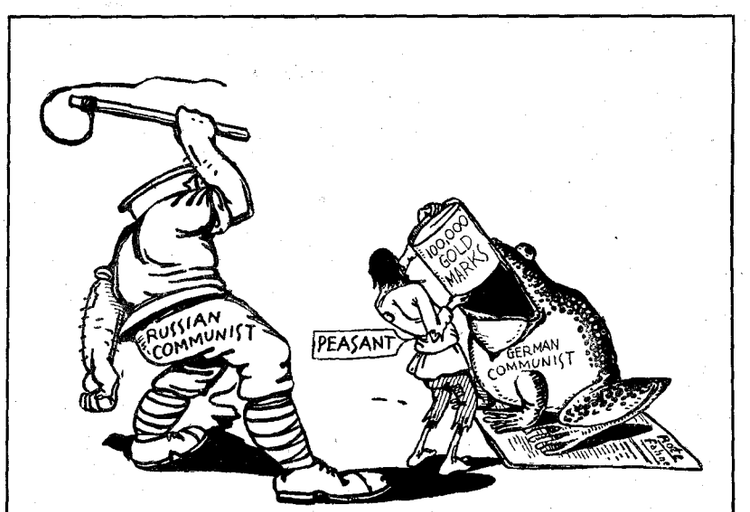
FOREIGN - COMMENT

THE RUSSO-GERMAN RED ENTENTE

SLATHERS OF SOVIET GOLD spent where it should do the most good to spread Communism in Germany is said by the Communists to be yielding a good harvest now that the end of German passive resistance against French occupation of the Ruhr gives German Communists and Russian agents opportunity to call upon the workers and peasants to rise against the "entente of the bourgeoisie of France and Germany." In a manifesto issued by the German Communist party we read that the cessation of passive resistance "without complete occupation of the Ruhr territory, and without recognition of the complete independence of Germany, and without a seizure of property, and a realization of the control of production, can only lead to German subjection to French capitalists, to the sale of the working masses of Germany as slaves of the great Franco-German capitalism, and to the dismemberment and division of Germany." Meanwhile the new condition of the Ruhr, according to this manifesto, does not mean any relief for the terrible misery of the working classes, but rather—



AN ANTI-BOLSHEVIK RUSSIAN VIEW

How the Russian workers' Republic works the peasants.

—*Dni* (Berlin)

"It means for the workers the suppression of the eight-hour day, accentuation of the economic crisis, further dislocation of industry, increased cost of living, new and enormous taxation, the loss of the right of organization and strike, the destruction of the Factory Councils . . . and the delivery of enterprises of the State to great companies under the domination of the bayonets and sabers of French Imperialism."

This Communist manifesto, as reprinted in the Paris *Temps*, declares that the time has come for the German bourgeoisie to give place to the German Communists, because "only an iron government of the working majority of the people, a government of workers and of peasants can save the country," and it appeals for "the preparation of a general strike having as objective the overthrow of the Stresemann Government, the formation of a government of workers and peasants, the seizure of properties and the control of production, a close alliance with Soviet Russia, and a liquidation of the Ruhr problem at the expense of the bourgeoisie." Duesseldorf dispatches relate that:

"The Communists are making great efforts to use the opportunity the hunger riots afford to further Bolshevism. Renewed activity is noticeable in such centers as Gelsenkirchen and Bochum. Here the Communist force is undergoing complete and rapid reorganization. The former 'hundertschaften,' or centuries, have been dissolved, and 'companies' 200 strong divided into 'sections' have been formed on military lines, and composed of young men only, with leaders chosen among the most daring and advanced. These companies have been ordered to be ready as rapidly as possible 'for action.'"

Russian Soviet newspapers do not dissimulate the fact that each new entanglement in Germany is welcomed by the Third International, and the Moscow *Krassnaia Gazeta* observes:

"The fire is burning very well. The German mark is rushing into the precipice with admirable speed, and all the efforts of the financial past-master Hilferding are doomed to failure. Unemployment is growing; factories close one after the other. The economics of the cities are shaken to the root, and the deficiencies in the municipal budgets have attained amazing proportions. The famine and the severe winter are also under way."

To this the Moscow *Pravda* adds: "The revolutionary process has been going on in Germany for a long time. The fire is burning well. When the capitalistic roofs are going to catch fire—is a question of hours." In an interview with an anti-Bolshevik Russian editor of the Berlin *Rul* the Chief of the political Department of the Berlin Polizei Praesidium, Herr Bartels, described the network of the German Communist party as follows:

"This party has constructed its organization along the lines very similar to the Communist system in Soviet Russia. In individual factories and plants, they have Communists councils or nuclei. Each council delegates its representatives to the local Communist centers which are comparable to the Russian Provincial Executive Committees, but work, naturally, on a narrower scale. These organs delegate, in turn, their representatives to the Communistic Central Committee, the so-called Commission of Fifteen."

The latter, according to Herr Bartels, plays the rôle of the main administrative body cooperating in its activities with the directions emanating from the Central Committee of the Third (Moscow) International of which the German Communist party is a member. As to the strength of the party, a Russian Soviet authority, Mr. Zinovieff, characterizes it as follows:

"At the present time it numbers 300,000 members, and is one of the best organized sections of the Third International. But what really matters is the influence which it has acquired among the workers. According to my information over two million workmen organized into professional unions follow the lead of the party in its struggle against the bourgeoisie."

The program of the German Communists has been summarized by their official organ, the *Rothe Fahne*, somewhat as follows to set up "a Soviet in the Reichstag and instead of the Reichstag," to run the Soviet Government "in accordance with the principle of the dictatorship of the proletariat," to nationalize trade, industry, etc. As to its policies, remarks the anti-Bolshevik Berlin *Rul*, a Russian daily, it adapts itself very cleverly to circumstances, as for instance when at the beginning of the passive resistance in the Ruhr, the Communists organized a

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series of strikes and manifestations directed against the German capitalists and the German Government alike, adding by this to the difficulties which the German nation had to meet. At the beginning of August, when Chancellor Cuno's Cabinet began to shake, the German Communists paraded under the slogan "Down with the bourgeois-socialist coalition! The proletarian Government alone can save the country." We are reminded by the *Rul* that a general strike was proclaimed, and "it was a secret to nobody that this movement was largely subsidized from Moscow." Late in August the Socialist Berlin *Vorwaerts* stated:

"Russia is sending millions (to the German Communists); and the Communist Strike Committee has just received from Moscow one million gold marks. The gold meant to promote the revolution is being supplied generously. Now we know where money needed for millions of placards, pamphlets, etc., comes from."

This charge was not denied by the Moscow press. On the contrary three days later Karl Radek exprest in the *Pravda* his indignation because "the German Government seemed displeased at the modest financial assistance being extended by the Russian professional unions to the German workmen's committees." Radek asserted that the Russian Communists could not abstain from promoting the revolutionary cause in Germany "just as the German Socialists could not abstain from helping their Russian Comrades during the first Russian revolution of 1905."

Comrade Radek spent the first weeks of August in Germany and, we are told by the German papers, worked hard in order to direct the efforts of the German Communists to victory. The German and the Russian anti-Bolshevik newspapers are unanimous in asserting that the idea of securing the cooperation of the extreme German Monarchists in the task of overthrowing the coalition Government emanated from Radek. Count Reventlow, an influential German Monarchist leader, published an article in the *Rothe Fahne* in which he asserted that Communists and Monarchists could be fellow travelers to a certain extent. The Berlin *Vorwaerts* produced an interesting document, a circular letter sent out by the Communist party declaring it necessary to seek the cooperation of the Monarchist extremists. "As soon as we do not need them," the document says, "we shall be able to get rid of them," and it adds: "The danger that the reverse may happen, that is to say, that they get rid of us, is negligible, for political leadership will in any case remain in our hands." But the Communist movement that seemed getting on so famously in Germany in the month of August was, as we know, suppressed without great difficulty.

THE SOVIET FOREIGN AGENT ASSURES GERMANS

RADEK (to German Communists): "Don't worry, friends, this is kerosene I carry in my fire-extinguisher."

—*Rul* (Berlin).

A GERMAN AVOWAL

"If the middle class holds out and the reparations bridge doesn't collapse, we shall pass over the foul flood of Bolshevism safely."

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

Karl Radek, writing in the *Pravda*, explained to his readers how dangerous to the Communist cause was the decision of the German Government to yield to France, and said: "The German bourgeoisie has lost the second war (in the Ruhr), and it will capitulate in order to save the German mark and to suppress the rising of the masses." In an article published in the Paris Communist *L'Humanité*, he went still further:

"Soviet Russia will find itself confronted with a new threat if Germany is colonized, dismembered, strangled, and exploited by Allied capital. Ruled by the Entente, Germany will give the Allies access to our frontier, to the frontier of the republic of workmen and peasants. This will be too great a temptation to the reactionaries to impose upon Russia a bourgeois restoration and to wrest from her the payment of the debts of the old régime. Gaging the proportions of this danger, Russia sees herself obliged to say that there must be a limit even to her love of peace."

An anti-Bolshevist reply to the charge that any coming together of Franco-German interests would mean the subjection of the German proletariat to the "bayonet and saber dominance of French Imperialism" appears in the Russian *Posliednia Novosti* (Paris), and reads as follows:

"Mr. Radek understands very well that the Franco-German understanding is not the 'subjugation of Germany with bayonets.' But he is afraid of such an understanding and of the strengthening of the German Republic, because both these things would impede 'the process of the ripening of the revolution.'"

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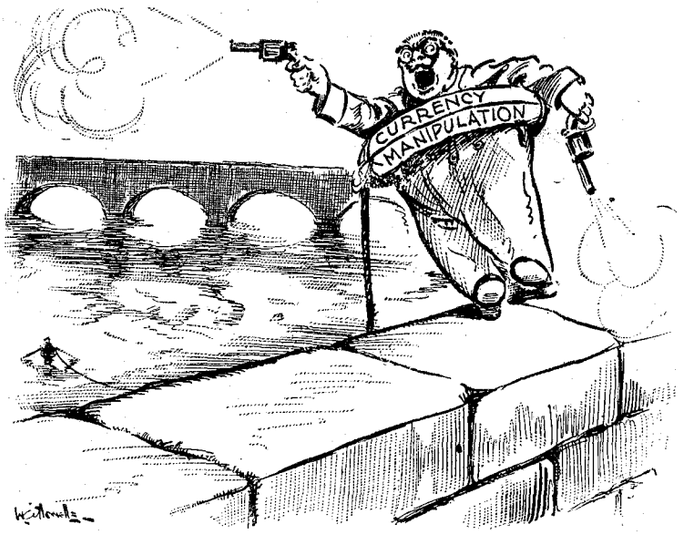
GERMANY'S NEW CURRENCY PLAN

THE MARK IS DEAD, long live the Neumark, is the cry of some foreign financial observers, and it is full of hope, rather than of confidence. The Neumark, which is expected to give Germany a new start in the money markets of the world, was originally called Bodenmark, or Real Estate mark. No more paper marks are to be issued, and the outstanding paper mark will be redeemable at a rate of exchange to be decided later in Neumarks, which are legal tender. So we are informed by Professor M. J. Bonn, who tells us further that the new mark will be issued by a new currency bank, called Rentebank, and formed by the corporations of agriculture, trade, and industry, with a capital of 3.2 billions gold, of which 800 million will constitute a reserve. In the London *Observer*, this financial authority goes on to say:



FRITZ DOESN'T FORGET HIS LIFE-BELT

THE SAFETY-FIRST SUICIDE: "Goot-pye—everybody!"

—*Evening Express* (Cardiff).

"This capital is to be raised by the landed interest and by trade and industry in such a way that each contributor pays about 3 per cent. of the capital value at which his land or his concern was assessed in 1913. This capital will not be paid in gold, but in bonds: 3 per cent. of the value of each property, agricultural as well as industrial, will be mortgaged in favor of the currency bank. The mortgagor will have to pay six gold marks a year to the currency bank on each 100 gold mark thus registered. (Industrial concerns can hand in debentures.) The currency bank will issue gold-mark bonds carrying 5 per cent. interest, which are completely covered by the mortgages or the debentures registered in its favor. These mortgage bonds, the yearly interest on which is secured by the 6 per cent. charge on the land or the concern, enjoy a prior lien on all estates, liable to postponement only to a limited claim of the Reparations Commission. The bonds are not issued to the public; for the bank is not a mortgage bank. They are kept by the currency bank, which will be entitled to issue for each bond of 500 gold mark, bearing 5 per cent. interest, 500 Neumark in the form of currency notes.

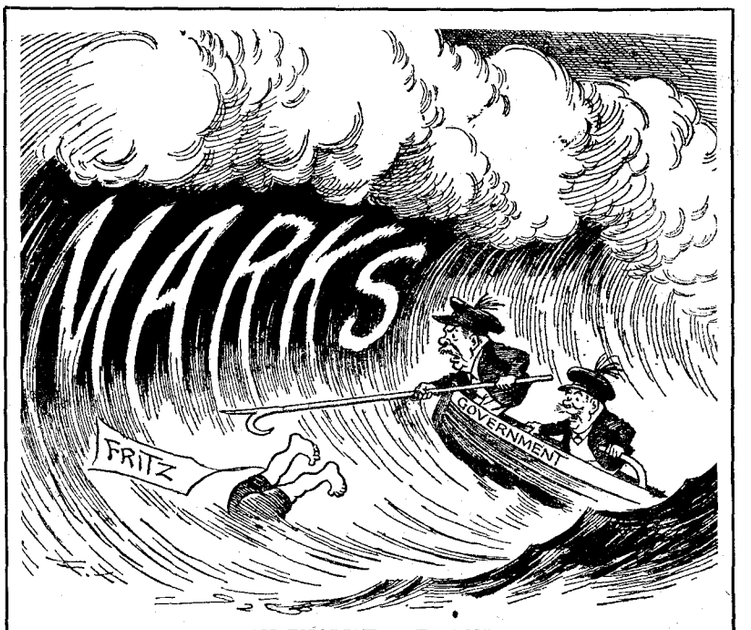
"The Neumark is a bank-note, covered by a negotiable first-class security, and as such liable to all objections to such a scheme. The currency bank will be bound to redeem its Neumark notes at par against its gold-mark mortgage bonds. When the general rate of interest is low the public will hand in notes and withdraw bonds, on which they can enjoy 5 per cent. interest."

Professor Bonn points out that the amount of the new note issue will be very limited, and adds that the currency bank is really not a bank but "rather a corporation organized for the purpose of lending money to the Government, for it is not allowed to do any banking business except with the Government, and to a limited degree with the Reichsbank." We read then:

"It may lend most of its capital up to 1.6 milliards Neumark to the Government. It will advance to it immediately 300 millions Neumark as a loan. This will enable the Reichsbank to stop the discounting of Treasury Bills and the issue of new paper marks. The Reichsbank will receive from the Government the 300 millions and cancel the outstanding Treasury Bills against it, substituting the Neumark as cover for its notes, and declare its willingness to redeem them at a certain rate. This may be done to quite a considerable degree. The total note issue outstanding was about 1,200 billions, and the value of 300 millions gold mark at the present rate is about 10,000 billions. If there are no unlimited new note issues, there is bound to be a serious scarcity in circulating medium, and very few paper marks will be presented for redemption. It will be possible to raise the value of the paper mark, and with it, to a certain degree, diminish this scarcity. Of the Neumark remaining with the bank about 1,300 millions may be lent to the Government as needs may arise during the next two years, while a reserve of about 1.6 millions will be kept by the currency bank."

The new currency scheme is really, according to Professor Bonn, a method of providing the Government for the next two years with a funded loan of 1.6 millions gold or 56,000 billions paper marks at existing rates. He thinks this ought to enable them to carry on, and continues:

"It is a kind of forced loan, which the subscribers raise by a bond they pledge themselves to pay the interest on. It would be impossible for the lenders to provide the cash needed; it would be quite as impossible to place such a huge loan even in slices on the general market, tho the loan is really well secured and the interest guaranteed. For this and other reasons a somewhat complicated form of finance has been chosen: 3 per cent. of the real estate of the country will be 'mobilized' in Neumark notes in favor of the Government.



AN ENGLISH QUESTION

"Will he be able to swim the Channel?"

—*Reynolds's Newspaper* (London).

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"Besides the Neumark, Germany will have a 'gold mark,' which will be the old gold mark or the 20.4th part of a sovereign. For the Reichsbank, being freed from all government obligations and of all its paper money, will by and by return to its old standards, and issue gold notes against the gold and the gold exchange it may own. These gold notes will not be legal tender, but as they are thoroughly covered they will be at par and be greedily taken up. Whether the Neumark can be kept at par with the gold mark will depend on the financial development of the next few years. When time is ripe, the purely temporary institution of the Neumark is to disappear, and Germany is to have a gold currency once more.

"For the time being there is to be a kind of parallel system, the relation of the gold note of the bank to the Neumark being somewhat like that of the note of the Bank of England to the currency note. It is unfortunately a complicated system. It will succeed only if the political situation permits of a real settlement: if this can not be done, it will fail, but in that case any system is bound to fail."

RHINELAND VIEWS OF SECESSION

GOOD AND HONEST GERMANS are the Rhinelander Separatists, they declare in a letter to the French General Degoutte, who is in command of the French occupation of the Ruhr, and they point out that the only thing they hate is "the Prussian spirit which is averse to all political morality and antagonistic to the peace of nations." In an open letter in the organ of the supporters of the Rhineland Republic, the *Frei Rheinland*, they further assert that they are peaceful and hard-working devotees of order and reconciliation among nations. Reason, not violence, is their guiding force, and they say:

"A de-Prussianized Rhineland, Herr General, will be the surest political and economic safeguard for your country. We love our German Rhineland as much as you love your French *patrie*. On that account we could never consent to any economic annexation or exploitation by foreigners which, perhaps, some small groups in your great nation desire. We wish to be free and to live peacefully. We know that hostile militarism is not where the most tanks and bayonets are to be found, but where the spirit of violence and revenge dominates over all.

"Herr General, the Rhinelanders are people of peace and the Prussians are people of war. We do not ask any money favors from France; but the rights which your nation exercise over the Rhine and in the Ruhr against vengeful Prussia also imply certain duties toward the peaceful Rhinelanders, and so on the occasion of our Rhineland Day, we beg to draw the fact to your attention, and that of France, to whom we offer honest reparations and a friendly peace as between neighbors."

But according to the *Duesseldorfer Nachrichten* complete independence as projected by the Rhinelanders is impossible because inevitably the Rhinelanders would fall under "the economic and military tutelage of France" if they were to cut themselves off from Prussia. In general the press of the Rhine district seem convinced that the number of supporters of a Rhineland Republic is small, altho the Cologne *Tageblatt* remarks:

"The meetings of the Separatists are always presented by the newspapers as ridiculous farces, and it is always said that these Separatists are merely a handful of people of no political importance. This is false. In fact, the Separatists constitute a power that is not to be disdained, and they might become dangerous for the Rhineland if they really attempted to put their project into execution, despite the opposing will of the people. The Rhineland question will not be settled by sporadic attempts at uprising, and the Separatists, despite their number, do not represent all the population. The future of the Rhineland can not be decided solely by a few hot-heads or by one political party. It will become a chief objective of negotiations to take place between the interested Powers."

Says the *Duesseldorfer Zeitung:*

"We can not believe that at the moment Germany is abandoning passive resistance, and when everything tends toward an economic and political entente with France, the Separatists should attempt to break away. It would not be intelligent on the part of French statesmen by sustaining such a movement to complicate or even perhaps to make impossible the absolute accord which is necessary between the German and French people."

The Duesseldorf Socialist *Volkszeitung* believes it absurd to imagine that the French Government would attempt to establish a republic with such men as the Separatist leaders Matthes and Dietz, and it adds:

"A republic is not founded by waving flags and posting up proclamations. A vital necessity is the consent of the population, and the immense majority of our population do not want a Rhineland State. The workers will stubbornly resist all the attempts of the Separatists, and yet they will give them no chance to use guns or sabers, as probably the Separatists leaders would like to do."

Another Duesseldorf newspaper which sees no prospect of a Rhineland Republic is the *Mittag*, which says that the majority of Rhinelanders "would never consent to leave Germany in need and misery," and it continues:

"It is always a simple matter for some bands of brigands, armed with bludgeons and revolvers, to get together at Dusseldorf and yell: 'We proclaim the republic.' But Mr. Poincaré is much too intelligent a man to recognize such a republic proclaimed by suspected elements of obscure aims. The Communists, on their side, are the bitterest opponents of the Separatists, for they fear that a Rhineland Republic, introducing a new factor of order and peace in Europe might retard the execution of their political plans."

AUSTRALIA ON GUARD

DESPITE EXULTATION in some quarters over the treaties born of the Washington Disarmament Conference, certain Australian editors contend that there is a good deal of deception in the idea that they mean an end of spending for defense. It is true that the Five-Power Treaty relieves Australia from competition in building first-class battleships, the Brisbane *Courier* admits, and it is also true that the Four-Power Treaty brings the four nations with great Pacific possessions into cooperation, but neither of them, it is held, relieves Australia of the duty of providing for the effective defense of the Commonwealth in conjunction with other parts of the Empire. This newspaper adds:

"Statements have been made from time to time in the House of Representatives that as soon as the Pacific Treaty was ratified Australia would not need to take any further concern for her defense. That, of course, is wholly misleading; and there is not a line in the Washington Treaties which supports such a contention. To suggest that Australia shall neglect her defense because she is a member of the League of Nations or of the Pacific Pact is merely deception of a very dangerous kind. We have a coast line of over 12,000 miles in length, and every important city is situated on the coast within range of enemy guns. What a hopeless position Australia would be in if she had to depend on the British Navy to help her to repel even a raider which swooped down on our capital cities. The defense of our coasts is our own affair, and is not controlled either by the League of Nations or the Washington Conference. It may be that Australia can do without a great battle-ship that would cost at least £8,000,000; but she certainly needs a fleet of submarines and destroyers and a powerful air force as well as fast cruisers to guard our trade routes. All that is a matter that will be decided, perhaps, at the Imperial Conference. It is necessary, however, to get away from the current deception that the ratification of the Washington Treaties means an end of the expenditure on defense."

Another Brisbane newspaper, *The Daily Mail*, echoes the feeling above revealed when it says:

"Unfortunately the Treaties do not touch the vital and growing problem of aerial strife. Aircraft can drench cities with deadly chemicals, and, by that diabolism of the laboratory, no non-combatant—man, woman, or child—would be safe from future attack. Submarines also are practically unrestricted, while land armies and military engines may expand under political guile to gigantic proportions. Yet, both the Five-Power Naval Disarmament Treaty and the Four-Power Pacific Pact offer a material contribution to the cause of world peace."

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LLOYD GEORGE IN CANADA

BITTER COMMENT about Lloyd George's tour in Canada and the United States, which is shot through some British editorials of various political shades, gives no surprize to many Canadian editors, who think it quite natural that "people on this side should appreciate Lloyd George more than those in the Motherland." As the Kingston *Standard* remarks, it must be remembered that at one time in his career he was "the most hated man among certain classes in England," because he had introduced various measures which "hit the landed and moneyed classes rather hard." It was not till the World War that he received the support of the nation as a whole, and his record during this time is one which probably will never be equaled again, and "it is to be hoped that the occasion will never recur for any man to have to try to equal or surpass him." Therefore, this daily believes that:

"People on this side are more likely to look upon his war record and appraise him by that, while the British people acclaim this, but do not forget his measures before the war. Again they think that he may come back again one day into power and that he may once more take up the policies which caused him to be so much disliked. All this, however, will not interfere with his welcome on this side. Men everywhere will greet him for what he did in the World War."

The London (Ont.) *Free Press* remarks that altho the Englishman may "see more clearly Lloyd George's faults and perceive more accurately his alleged political opportunism," yet to the average Canadian he is "the greatest personality in British politics since the days of Gladstone and Disraeli." And it assures us that his reception in Canada is "fully as warm as that tendered to the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit." The Montreal *Daily Star*, too, which is conscious of Lloyd George's capacity to foster an entente of the English-speaking nations, declares that—

"Mr. Lloyd George comes to this continent as conspicuously the British public man who enjoys the greatest measure of our admiration and esteem. More people in Canada and the United States know Lloyd George and love him than are aware of any other statesman—however worthy—in Great Britain. Or, for that matter, in Europe.

"He will get a reception that could not be duplicated by any of his rivals in the Imperial Parliament. Whether we always agree with him or not, we recognize his moral fervor, his passion for the betterment of the poor, his profound belief in democracy, and his splendid confidence that the world is ruled finally by a benevolent Providence.

"His spirit is of the New World—not of the war-opprest and possibly outworn world that fills the older hemisphere. In coming to Canada, he comes to his own people. In going to the United States, he will be the ideal missionary of an English-speaking 'entente' which must eventually give the note of leadership to mankind."

This Montreal daily advises us that Mr. Lloyd George made a telling point in his speech before "ten thousand Montrealers" when he emphasized the difference between the racial problem which confronts the United States and that which confronts the British Empire, and it adds—

"The United States must fuse their various races into one American people in their vast 'melting-pot' of a coterminous and united nation. The British Empire must on its life never dream of attempting anything so silly or suicidal. We must keep our many races distinct, independent—and contented.

"This was a particularly appropriate point to make in Montreal. The gift of the British Empire to the French-Canadian race is perpetuity. So far from absorbing or striving forcibly to fuse such a race into a British 'composite,' it is British policy to defend and preserve that race in all its attractive characteristics, all its individual features such as language and religion, all its treaty-guaranteed privileges which its people cherish.

"Very well do the leaders of French Canada appreciate this situation, especially when they picture to themselves what would happen to their privileges and peculiar institutions if they were suddenly to be dumped into the 'melting-pot' to the south. Uniformity is the motto of the American Republic. By the very nature of their self-contained country—by the iron decrees of geography—they are compelled to take this position. But the widely separated British Empire is granted a greater freedom; and its motto is toleration, encouragement of racial aspirations, and the defense of the lingual and religious tendencies of every people which finds shelter beneath the Union Jack."

The foregoing sentiment is ardently echoed by a Montreal French language newspaper, *La Presse*, which trusts that Mr. Lloyd George's illustration of the distinction between the problem of race in the United States and of race in the British Commonwealth of Nations will "bear good fruit in Canada," and it continues:

"It is to be hoped that the authority which invests the personality of Mr. Lloyd George will inspire conviction in the minds of those among us, who, led astray by the different status of races in the United States, have too often forgotten the truths repeated by the former British Premier and have been guilty of grave and unfortunate error in trying to imitate processes of development that in the British Empire are contradictory to its traditions and to its ideals, as well as to its real interests."

The Montreal *Gazette* says Canada recognizes that, "as all other great men, Mr. Lloyd George has made mistakes," but "against his shortcomings can be set such a roster of achievements that it can be truly said his errors lean to virtue's side." This daily adds that he remains, as before, "a commanding influence in Great Britain and the Empire." Where he has failed politically, remarks the Ottawa *Evening Citizen*, it has been "because of the weakness of political democracy" and where he has succeeded it has been "because of its strength." The Vancouver *Sun* interprets public opinion in Britain as being "firm in the belief that Lloyd George will some day come back to a position of political power," and it says:

"If that is the case, and the magnetic Welshman is again to hold the helm of Empire, it is of inestimable importance that he lose no opportunity to get the vision of an expanding and growing Pacific.

"The Pacific Ocean is soon to be the center of world trade and power. Lloyd George can only appreciate that fact fully by watching the process of growth at first hand.

"If Lloyd George comes to this city he should have such a welcome that the name of Vancouver would be indelibly engraved on his mind forever."

Less eulogistic is the portrait of the former Premier presented by the Montreal *Witness*, which observes:

"The question has been raised whether Mr. Lloyd George has not only ambition but a very appetite for power. He did not, like some of his fellow-Coalitionists, become utterly disgruntled when heavily defeated at the last election, but in his journalism—a new feature in statesmen who have held high office in the British Empire—has he not shown that he is impatient to handle the reins again? Did haste to reach the Premiership once lead him to betray his loyal-hearted chief, Mr. Asquith, who stood so stedfastly by him throughout the Marconi scandals and the Limehouse speech furore? There can be no doubt what the verdict of history will be on that matter. Failings it overlooks, but black ingratitude, never. Mr. Lloyd George's method of separating from Mr. Asquith, the most magnanimous of chiefs, as his recent book again so abundantly shows, will always be an ugly stain on Mr. Lloyd George's brilliant career.

"But even the sun has spots. Mr. Lloyd George's failings may be glaring enough, but his services have been great, and his devotion to ideals, as he understands them, unflinching in the midst of stormy and murky years. And these things will secure him a Canadian welcome and British gratitude."

The Winnipeg *Manitoba Free Press* takes exception to Mr Lloyd George's statement at Ottawa that Canada has a right to have a voice in the settlement of Europe, and it asserts that "not only have Canadians no part in European politics, but they do not know anything about them." This daily avers that the settlement of Europe is not an economic problem but a political problem, and "between the buyers and sellers of Europe and the American continent stand the European Governments, and that is where the shoe pinches."

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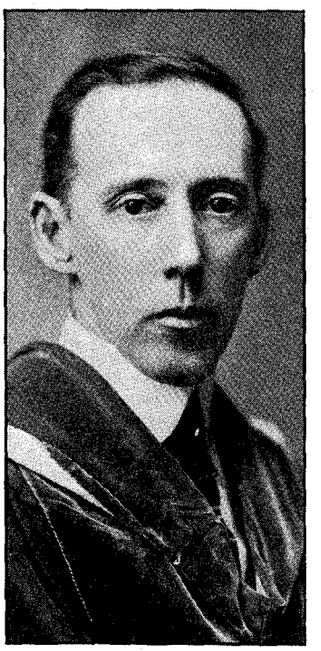
HOW LARGE IS THE UNIVERSE?

THE USUAL ANSWER to this question has been that the universe is unlimited—infinite. According to Newton it is limited, but surrounded by infinite empty space. Einstein considers that it is limited but unbounded, space being affected with a curvature which makes it return upon itself. Outside, he admits, there may be other universes, but we can know naught of them. As our own is a thousand million times larger than the region now telescopically accessible to us, we still have room to breathe. Professor Archibald Henderson of North Carolina University, with his students, has been making some calculations of the size of this limited Einsteinian universe, and he describes his results in a presidential address before the Academy of Science of his State, printed in *Science* (New York). The hypothesis of a curvature in space is not new. Before Einstein's time it was jocosely said that those who accepted it must believe that a sufficiently powerful telescope would enable an astronomer to see his own back hair. This could hardly be, according to Professor Henderson, for he estimates that it would take a ray of light a billion years to go "around" the universe. What the astronomer would see, would not be his back hair, but whatever occupied its place a billion years ago—and what that was, probably astronomers would by no means agree in stating. To quote from Professor Henderson's address:



WHO KNOWS?

"Who knows?" asks Professor Archibald Henderson, "but that many of the stars we see in the firmament are not real, but are only ghosts of stars haunting the heavens from the days of remotest antiquity?"

"In any attempt to measure the sidereal universe, it is necessary to increase enormously our units of measurement. In measuring the moon, it is possible to use the mile as a unit. The next unit we resort to is the diameter of the earth—say some 8,000 miles. But in order to measure the distances from the sun to its attendant planets, it is necessary to use a unit 12,000 times the diameter of the earth — the astronomical unit — 93,000,000 miles, the distance from the earth to the sun. To measure the very great distances from star to star, which are as remote from each other in some cases as a thousand million astronomical units, it is necessary to use a still greater unit, the light-year, which is something less than six million million miles.

"The globular clusters of the type of Omega Centauri and Hercules are so remote as to defy geometrical measurement. By observing that, in each of the clusters where variable stars appear, the brightest stars of the cluster are, on the average, three times as bright, photographically, as the variables, Shapley has computed the distances from us of the principal globular clusters. He found that the nearest of the clusters, both in the southern hemisphere—are distant from us about 22,000 light-years. The remotest is at the enormous distance of 220,000 light-years—at least fifty times as far away as the remotest star whose distance can be measured by other methods.

"Now our galaxy, delimitated for us by the project contours of the Milky Way, is shaped much like a lens or a thin watch, the thickness being probably less than one-sixth of the diameter. Astronomers are agreed that within this galaxy, which contains possibly a billion suns, the stars are not infinite in number nor uniform in distribution. Shapley's investigations lead us to believe that the sun is at least 50,000 light-years from the galactic center. He has calculated the actual positions in space of the sixty-nine clusters definitely recognized as globular; and he finds that they themselves form a huge flattened cluster, probably 300,000 light-years in diameter, and about 100,000 light-years in thickness. There seems to be good reason to believe that the star-populated regions of the galactic system extend at least as far as the globular cluster. The center of this colossal globular star system is, according to Russell, some 70,000 light-years from the sun."

The largest figure hitherto given for the diameter of the galaxy was 60,000 light-years. There appears, however, to be a definite limit to the size of the stellar universe. Stars of the second magnitude are 3.4 times as numerous as those of the first, those of the eighth magnitude are three times as numerous as those of the seventh, while the sixteenth magnitude stars are only 1.7 as numerous as those of the fifteenth magnitude. "This steadily decreasing ratio," says Hale, "is probably due to an actual thinning out of the stars toward the boundaries of the stellar universe, as the most exhaustive tests have failed to give any evidence of absorption of light in its passage through space." Professor Henderson goes on:

"Is the universe infinite? If a voyager of the skies travels in a straight line deep into the interstellar spaces, past the great blue helium stars of Orion, past Betelgeuse and Antares, beyond the white variable Cepheids, the gaseous red and yellow giant stars, the colossal globular clusters, and beyond even the faintest of the supernebulæ whirling in fiery spirals in the dim void of remoter space—will he ever reach a limit of the sidereal realm? That is the profound and provocative query which has recently been raised anew by Einstein. In the Milky Way there are perhaps as many stars as there are now human beings living upon the earth. Beyond those dense masses of stars, such as the Magellanic Clouds, and beyond the great globular clusters which hover about the fringes of the Milky Way, lie vast wastes of desert space, devoid of stars over incalculable expanses. Beyond this, says Nordman, lie those strange bodies, the spiral nebulæ, 'lying like silver snails in the garden of the stars.' Astronomers are divided in opinion to-day in regard to these spiral nebulæ, of which there are known to be more than a million—whether to regard them as 'island universes,' systems like that of the Milky Way and comparable to it in their dimensions, or merely as annexes of the Milky Way, reduced models of it. These spiral nebulæ have the enormous average space velocity of 1,200 kilometers per second; and their radial velocities and distribution, the maximum luminosity attainable by a star, the dimensions of our own galactic system, incline certain contemporary investigators to the hypothesis that the spiral nebulæ are members of the galactic organization.

"In a famous paper, 'Cosmological Observations Concerning General Relativity,' published in 1917, Einstein advanced the view that the universe is finite, but unbounded. This statement sounds paradoxical, but brief reflection will show that a thing may be unbounded without being infinite. A being which moves on the surface of the earth, or indeed of any sphere, may travel over it indefinitely without ever reaching any boundary or limit. Similar considerations, extended to three-dimensional curved space, enable us to see how the universe may be at the same time finite and unbounded. According to Einstein the geometry of our universe is not Euclidean. All lines starting from a point

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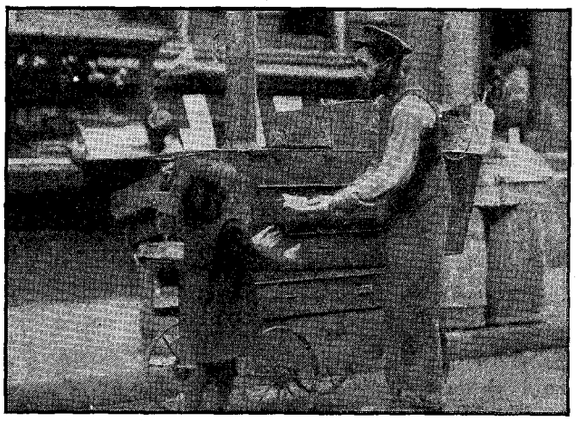


Photographs by Brown Brothers

NEW YORK, TOO, —

intersect again in the antipodal point. If a stellar body move through space, its size gradually increases until it reaches its maximum at the universe's outer verge; and there, as it were, reentering the universe it gradually diminishes in dimensions until it ultimately reaches its original size and position. There is no boundary to spherical space, and no center.

"Another extraordinary feature of this spherical space is that, neglecting the absorption of light, we should see a star-image of a given star at the opposite point in the heavens. If we look at some faint star in the Milky Way, the radiant pulses of energy give us a vision of the star, not as it is now, but as it was in the days of Tut-Ankh-Amen; and at the opposite point of the heavens we shall see an image of this same star—not as it was when the Egyptians were building the pyramids, but as it was perhaps in the prehistoric days of ancient Phœnicia. Who knows but that many of the stars we see in the firmament are not real but only ghosts of stars haunting the heavens from the days of remotest antiquity?

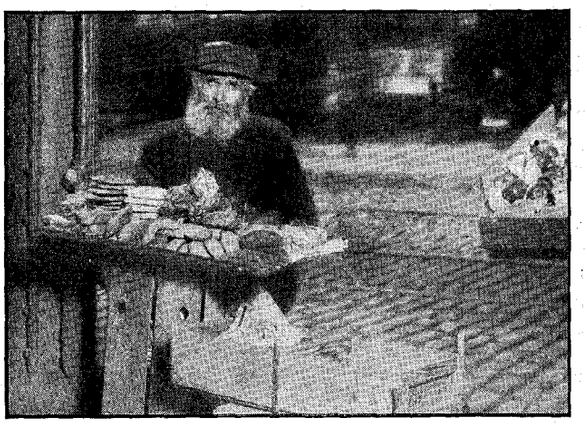
"In the graduate mathematics seminar at the University of North Carolina, we have made this year a thoroughgoing study of spherical space and the universe, according to Einstein's general relativity theory. The volume of this universe, exprest in grams, is 7 followed by forty-one ciphers, divided by the mean density of matter to the 3/2 power; and the mass of this universe is 7 followed by forty-one ciphers divided by the square-root of the mean density. If we assume that the average density of matter in the universe is the same as that of the Milky Way, we find that the radius of the universe is at least 150 million light-years; or, 1 million times 10 million times the distance from the earth to the sun.

"The weight of the universe, in grams, would be 1 followed by fifty-four ciphers—which would carry us into the nonillions of grams.

"It would take a ray of light, traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, one billion years to go around the universe. It would take the fastest airplane 3 quadrillion years; the fastest automobile five and one-half quadrillion years; and an express train, traveling at the rate of 60 miles an hour, 11 quadrillion years.

"In conclusion, I wish to call your attention to the fact that the dimensions of this finite universe of Einstein are more than ample to include the spiral nebulæ—whether regarded as galactic phenomena or even as island universes. The extreme distance of the most remote considered as island universes, would be of the order of 100 million light-years.

"Descartes, confronted with the question 'What lies beyond'? always affirmed that a finite universe was impossible. This question has no meaning for Einstein, because the foundation of general relativity is the doctrine that there is no space without matter or energy. If all the heavenly bodies we know belong to our galactic system, it is possible, says Einstein, that 'other universes exist independently of our own.' They may remain forever optically isolated from us by the phenomenon of the cosmic absorption of light. While other universes may palpitate beyond our own, no ray of knowledge, says Nordman, 'could ever reach us from them. Nothing could cross the black, dumb abysses which environ our stellar island.' We are doomed to dwell within a finite universe a thousand million times greater than the region now accessible to astronomical observation. Our glances are confined forever within this giant—this all too-minute—monad."



IS A CITY WHERE —

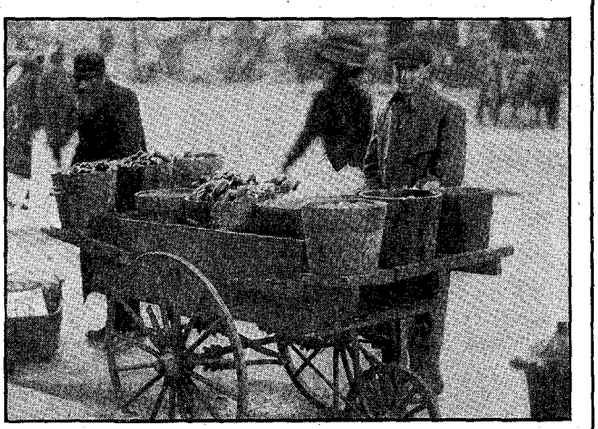
FOODS OF THE STREET

EATING ON THE STREET is naturally most popular in warm climates, or during the summer season, altho hot chestnuts and hot tamales are popular with us the year round. Few realize the variety of good food that can be bought and eaten on the streets in foreign countries. Some of them are described by Paul Popenoe in *Good Health* (Battle Creek, Mich., October). Some admirer of London, Mr. Popenoe tells us, boasted that it is the only city in the world where a gentleman can eat a penny bun in the street and no one will pay any attention to him. This anonymous author is regarded by Mr. Popenoe as the victim of insular prejudice. There are plenty of places in the world, he tells us, where one can comfortably take a stand on the edge of the sidewalk and eat. He writes:

"Italy is a good place to experiment in public gastronomy, and I was introduced to a number of delicacies in the city of Florence by an old California acquaintance, who is now a marquis. 'Don't be bashful,' he urged. 'Every one eats in the street in Florence.'

"When ideas of hygiene and sanitation are laid aside, many of the sidewalk vendors are quite worthy of patronage. Chestnut pudding, for instance, was simple and delicious. The nuts are ground fine and boiled into a thick mush, without seasoning of any kind. This is turned out as a huge flat cake on a board. A chestnut bread, soft and rich like gingerbread, is also sold.

"The next doorway will perhaps have a 'friggiatura' or fry shop, where a man with a boiling pot of grease is frying all sorts of things in the open air—shrimps, potatoes, cornmeal mush, and so on. These are less appetizing, but they are delicacy, indeed, compared to the establishment under the flaring torch—the man who makes blood pudding.



"ONE CAN COMFORTABLY —

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TAKE A STAND—

"The perambulating pastry seller is more enticing, with a great variety of wares at the lowest possible price. A specialty of Florence is doughnuts, fried on the sidewalk. But my favorite dessert was secured from a boy who walked around with a big copper tank like a knapsack on his back. This contained stewed pears, steaming hot, and when the inevitable penny was tendered he would set down the tank, produce a long, slender stick, skewer two pears on it, and pass it to you ready to be eaten.

"Bread pudding is another opportunity which the Italian sidewalks offer, but my college boarding-house cured me of any tendencies in that direction."

ON THE EDGE OF THE SIDEWALK—

France offers nearly as much variety as Italy, particularly in the southern part, where a mild climate encourages life out-of-doors. Hot fritters, pancakes, and waffles make the evening air heavy with the odor of burning grease—one of the two primitive perfumes, according to Rudyard Kipling, the odor of burning wood being the other. Says Mr. Popenoe:

"A novelty to me was the man making doughnuts in the form of a continuous string, which he rolled up on a drum like a reel of garden hose.

"Snails are commonly sold at booths along the sidewalk, and nearly all are grown especially for the market, being fed principally on lettuce. I consider them infinitely preferable to another great specialty of the sidewalk vendors, namely, sea urchins. In the French booths these are piled up in rows and heaps.

"The cuisine of Spain is better suited to a vegetarian. Spain produces an abundance of the finest vegetable products, and their cheapness makes them almost the exclusive food of the poor. The rich therefore confine themselves largely to meat products, including fish. A little potato, rice, and a lettuce salad are the only vegetables that one is likely to get at an establishment that prides itself upon catering to the quality; while the less pretentious person has at his disposition a variety of vegetables unequaled anywhere else in Europe. Most of these can be had, ready cooked, in the markets, where the discriminating traveler will make a good meal for a few cents.

"Peanuts are even more popular than in America, and occasionally one finds a Spanish vendor selling popcorn. Roasted chestnuts are plentiful in season, and the Spanish article is conceded to be the finest in Europe. More popular than the chestnut is a sweet acorn, which when roasted tastes something like the best American baked squash. Almonds are one of the principal products of the kingdom, and the smaller and broken kernels are used to manufacture a sugar-cake known as turron.

"Another peculiar product is the fig-bread, made of the smaller figs prest into a loaf with almonds and aniseed.

"If I wanted to eat in the street, and eat well, I think perhaps southeastern Spain would be my choice, altho one could flourish in any of the Mediterranean countries of Europe. The worst outlook, on the whole, is in Japan; I have always considered the Japanese cuisine to be the most inedible in the world. Apart from the rice, which is served plain and is, of course, good, the characteristic flavor seems to me to be either fishy or else a vegetable-pickle flavor which combines the sickening sweet with the intensely acid, in a way that is much too much for me."

ARCTIC RADIO CUT OFF BY SUNLIGHT

THE LONG ARCTIC SUMMER is responsible for the absence of communication with "Wireless North Pole," the radio station on board Donald B. MacMillan's polar-bound schooner *Bowdoin*. This is the opinion of Kenneth B. Warner, secretary of the American Radio Relay League and editor of *QST*, we are told by the *Radio News Bulletin* (Hartford, Conn.). We read:

"No word has been received from Donald Mix, radio operator for the exploration party, since August 3, when WNP was off Disco Island, which is about one-third of the way up the Greenland coast. At that time he worked amateur station IANA at Chatham, Massachusetts. Since then, WNP has vanished completely as tho swallowed up by the Arctic seas. When in touch with this station, Mix complained of the very short length of time he had each night in which to communicate with amateurs in this country. Only when the polar sun dipt for a brief interval below the horizon could he hear amateurs, and as soon as it came back again, these faint whisperings from the world below disappeared. The range of the *Bowdoin's* radio equipment is only a few hundred miles in daylight, owing to the ionization of the earth's atmosphere by the sun's rays. The tiny space available on the schooner prohibited the installation of a more powerful equipment. However, all stations are similarly affected by this condition, and transmission generally is poor while Old Sol holds sway and beams down on the earth. This situation can not last, for just as our own summer is approaching its end, the many months of Arctic daylight is closing. 'Radio operation always becomes more successful as winter approaches. The shorter days, the absence of absorbing foliage, the crisp static-free nights,' says Mr. Warner, 'make it the amateur's big season. With thousands of stations reopening every week and every keen ear marshaled in the watch for WNP, I am sure we will pick them up the first hour their atmospheric conditions permit the *Bowdoin's* signals to get down to us.'"

AND EAT."

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PEOPLE WHO HEAR AND SMELL COLORS

THE STIMULATION of one of the senses may simultaneously cause a reaction in another sense. This phenomenon is known to the learned as "synesthesia," and many examples of it are recorded in modern works on physiological psychology. An excellent account appears in the *Journal fur Psychologie und Neurologie* (Leipzig), from the pen of Dr. Julius Donath of Budapest, who quotes various authorities, including Francis Galton, in support of the statement that about 12 per cent. among human beings exhibit some sort of synesthesia, about one-third of these showing the variety known as "color-hearing." He remarks further:

"My own investigation among the pupils of a school of music . . . showed a much higher percentage of color-hearing for various instruments. Observation of a person gifted with lively powers of both 'color-smell' and 'color-hearing' gave interesting results. . . . This highly cultivated and intellectually active man informed me that he first became conscious that damp weather aroused a sensation of *white* in his mind, in his twenty-ninth year. He also found that the odors of the various chemicals with which he had to do in his profession of photo-chemistry, were connected with various color sensations. When only fifteen he was able to recognize his older brother by the sense of smell, altho the brother was not a smoker. He also has a very delicate sense of taste. In the same manner acoustic impressions are connected with the sight of colors, tho in a much less degree."

This person was a man of excellent habits, being neither a drinker nor a smoker, and he was in sound health when examined at the time of the experiments, January, 1921. His family history, however, which he gave to the physician with great detail, was not so good. Among eighty-seven members of the family a great-uncle was feeble-minded, a great-aunt was hysterical, an uncle was a suicide, various aunts suffered from nervous troubles, a sister killed herself in a State insane asylum. On the other hand, a considerable number of relatives were more gifted intellectually than the average—which recalls the famous line, "Great wit to madness sure is near allied." This person made out a remarkable list of the colors whose sensation he received from certain smells: Water-vapor, white: tube-rose, sea-green; iodin, reddish brown; hydrochloric acid, cinnabar red; nitric acid, carmine red; carbolic acid, amethyst; formalin, wine red; alcohol, cream color; chloroform, ultramarine; ether, orange-yellow; amyl nitrate, rose-red; illuminating gas, tar, and benzol, different shades of blue; milk, sulfur-yellow; cheese, ochre; fish smell, dirt color; ammonia, bluish.

This same individual was later submitted to tests of the color-sensations aroused in him by various musical instruments, including the human voice. He was himself surprized at these results, tho he had previously noted some degree of this power in himself. Among the colors whose sensations were thus aroused, were the following: Piano, violet; violin, chrome-yellow; 'cello, orange-yellow; flute, blue; harp, wine-red; zither, amethyst; oboe, olive-green; trumpet, carmine-red; drum, dark brown; soprano voice, copal gum; tenor, rose-red; bass and baritone, flesh-colored ochre.

In the same manner certain pieces of music aroused certain definite color impressions; thus Schubert's Third Impromptu produced a sensation of rose-red, and Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, one of blue—in the last case, however, he himself suggested that this might be due to an association of ideas with the blue tint of the moonlit heavens. With regard to the cause of these singular phenomena, Dr. Donath remarks:

"When we seek an explanation of these synesthesias we find that we must begin by excluding anatomical connections, since the phenomena are far too irregular. Neither can they be due to associations, not only because these are likewise inconstant, but also because the subject of the experiment reacted to many odoriferous substances which were entirely unknown to him, and which he was at most able to classify only as agreeable or disagreeable . . . autosuggestion is out of the question, since a great many of the odor-bearing substances which could be smelled with the right nostril, and were then connected with color phenomena, were either not perceived or only feebly smelled with the left nostril, in which case colors were either not seen or were else very faint shades. . . . The conditions of the experiment precluded any possibility of suggestion on the part of the investigator."

Into the more elaborate physiological discussion which follows, we can not here enter, but will quote only his final sentence:

"The phenomena of synesthesia are neither pathological nor abnormal, since they are present in individuals who are otherwise entirely normal, and I have myself demonstrated the fact of color-hearing in a large percentage of the students of the school of music."

FISH, EARTHQUAKES AND GASOLINE

SO LONG AS WE HAVE with us submarine earthquakes and a plentiful fish supply, we shall not want for petroleum, according to Professor J. N. Macfarlane of the University of Pennsylvania. The humble "mossbunker," known wherever it is used for bluefish bait as menhaden, may furnish no mean percentage of the future oil supply, according to this theory. The studies of three renowned coworkers, Professors Spencer Baird and Brown Goode of Washington and Professor Atwater of Connecticut have brought out the rich oil content of many other fish, especially the fresh-water varieties. The river lamprey, salmon, herring, tunny, and others store oil in the flesh, it seems, while deeper sea fish like cod, dogfish and sharks store it in their livers, one shark thirty feet long yielding as much as thirty gallons of oil. Professor Baird, we are told, calculated that in one season the bluefish and other enemies devoured at least a quintillion (1,000,000,000,000,000,000) mossbunkers. Developing the theory from this point, Professor Macfarlane explains his idea in the New York *Times* as follows:

"Now, if a mass like this were to be suddenly destroyed, heated and the oil separated, it would furnish more petroleum than the world already has used, or could use for many years to come. This gives us some notion of the teeming wealth of fish life along even our Eastern coasts. But many of the known oil-shale and fossil fish-beds cover hundreds, or even thousands, of square miles. So the annual destruction of mossbunkers by their enemies in a season is insignificant compared with the piled-together remains that make up such fish-beds.

"Often in the past history of the world, earthquakes, like the recent one in Japan, have been accompanied by great volcanic explosions, by the vomiting out of millions of tons of molten débris, and by the shooting out of added millions of tons of impalpable volcanic dust. The last often has spread over many hundreds of square miles, and 'penetrated even into the interior of watches and of closely fitted boxes.'

"Enormous shoals of fishes, therefore, have been destroyed again and again in a few hours. At times they were immediately buried in the showered volcanic dust. Their oil soon spread out into that dust, which, quickly setting or hardening, started an oil-shale deposit. Not a scale, tooth, bone or spine was displaced, as they quickly became sealed up in some of these deposits.

"But more often the fishes floated as great shoals of dead carcases, then they soon parted with their oil to surrounding waters, and in two or three weeks at most the skeletons or other hard parts, washed together and sinking, helped to form a marl deposit.

"Almost half a century ago Professor Joseph Leidy, distinguished as anatomist, paleontologist, zoologist and botanist, showed that oil escaping from the Philadelphia gas-works floated on the surface of the Schuylkill at first. But soon it mixed with abundant mud particles till these prest down and sedimented the oil. Thus successive oily mud films suggested a commencing oil-shale. This important, tho apparently trivial, observation gave us the key to the formation of oil-shales. And in recent years the Anglo-Indian geologist Stuart, by experimenting with Burmese oils, has fully verified Leidy's views and further extended them."

With a highly ingenious description of the way in which this fish-oil shale may have been converted into petroleum by the addition of lime under terrific heat, as experiments at Harvard

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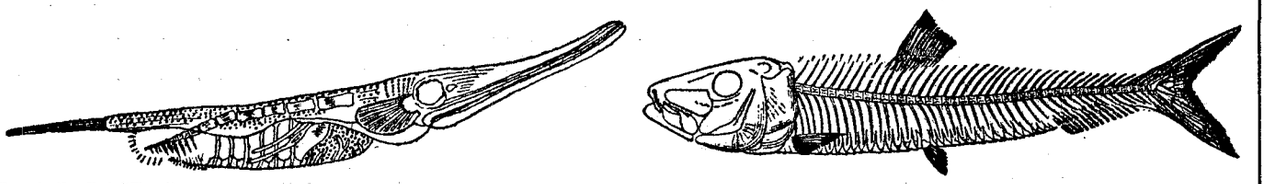

From the New York "Times"

"WHEN I WAS A TADPOLE AND YOU WERE A FISH"—DID WE MANUFACTURE GASOLINE?

Types of bony fish found, according to Professor Macfarlane, in immense quantities in the Baku, Roumania, and other oil-fields.

by Professors Warren and Storer have indicated, the theory is nearly complete. It is borne out, Professor Macfarlane thinks, by the fact that "through the successive geologic formations from the Silurian beds to those of recent days, oil-shales enclosing abundant fish-remains are met." He cites in order of age, West Russia, North Scotland, Pennsylvania, Oklahoma, South America, California, Texas, Roumania and Baku, oil-shales. These fish, altho sometimes "weird" in structure, are, says he, the ancestors of our present fish, and the process of oil manufacture is continuous. It is this statement which seems to have most imprest the newspapers.

We read further in the news columns of the same paper:

"Professor Macfarlane believes that the supply of petroleum is inexhaustible, and holds that fish are the sole source of supply.

"A statement given out by the university said that Dr. Macfarlane's study of fish and their relation to petroleum had extended over nearly half a century, beginning when he was an undergraduate and graduate student at the University of Edinburgh, where he won prizes for researches in this and similar fields.

"According to the statement, Dr. Macfarlane, in reaching the conclusion that fish constitute the sole source of petroleum, emphasized these points:

"That a knowledge of this fact will enable man to locate with almost scientific accuracy new oil deposits.

"That there is no danger of the exhaustion of the world's oil supply.

"That the recognition of scientific principles regarding the origin and location of fish-deposit beds will result in the cheaper production of oil and hasten the development of its commercial value for motive power and heating purposes.

"Scientists who have seen the result of Dr. Macfarlane's researches, the statement said, declare that he eliminates all doubt as to fish being the correct source of petroleum."

This theory is not regarded seriously, however, by the editor of *The Engineering and Mining Journal-Press* (New York). Whether petroleum be vegetable oil, as is most commonly thought, or fish-oil, as Dr. Macfarlane and others think, or both, as still others believe, or whether it be inorganic and a volcanic emanation, as now and then an author believes, it is certain, this writer avers, that Dr. Macfarlane should not have tried to tie his belief up to the Japanese disaster. He goes on:

"Uniformitarian by education, we have nevertheless come to believe in a varying relativity of speed of geologic events, and that the speed at times amounts to catastrophism; but we can not accept as indicated the catastrophic foundation of petroleum deposits. Dr. Macfarlane's assumption is apparently that unless fish are violently killed they are immortal, and will live forever. Doubtless volcanic eruptions and earthquakes do kill fish, but these same fish would die in a year or two anyway: in a geologic sense it makes no difference—indeed the secular accumulations of dead fish without the earthquakes should be more than with them, for the violent death affects the parents, and if wide-spread would tend to decimate the supply of fish and fish-oil.

"Dr. Macfarlane's conceptions of geologic times, if reported correctly, are not up to the standard, evidently, of his ichthyological erudition. This year's crop of fish-oil from fish remains entombed in the littoral muds, and last year's, and the crop of the last thousand and hundred thousand years, is of no interest, from the petroleum standpoint, to us, or to our children's children, or to our descendants a hundred thousand years hence. Some millions of years from now the crop stands a bare chance—not much—of being reaped. So that 'Dr. Macfarlane's answer to those who worry about the exhaustion of coal as a source of heat' is not a knock-out. 'Better fifty years of Europe,' sang the poet ('twas before the European war) 'than a cycle of Cathay.' Better a ton of Pennsylvania anthracite this winter than the hope of a thousand-barrel oil-well twenty million years from date, where now surges the Sea of Japan."

WOOD-PRESERVATIVES

CONCERNING THE PRESERVATION OF TIMBER in general, and in particular about claims for the superior virtues of special processes, such as have been going the rounds of the press and have been occasionally quoted in these columns, Dr. George M. Hunt, in charge of the Section of Wood Preservation in the U. S. Forest Products Laboratory at Madison, Wisconsin, sends to THE DIGEST a brief résumé of some researches and tests made there. In the last hundred years innumerable materials have been tried, he says, as wood preservatives. Almost every common chemical has had its turn, and a great many by-products of industrial processes for which no other use could be found have taken their last stand as possible preservatives for wood. Very few of these have been found to have practical value, and none have as yet demonstrated themselves to be more suitable than the old stand-bys—coal-tar creosote and zinc chlorid. He continues:

"The United States Government, appreciating the great importance of preservative treatment of wood as a means of conserving the fast-diminishing timber supply, has been investigating various preservatives and methods of treatment for many years and much fundamental information on these subjects is now available in the publications of the U. S. Forest Service.

"The experience of nearly a century of use of preservatives and the scientific investigations of twenty years have demonstrated the value of coal-tar creosote and zinc chlorid as wood preservatives, so that now they are the standard materials in their respective classes. All new materials or methods offered for wood-preserving purposes are compared with these standards. No material or process that does not compare favorably in efficiency with these standards can expect to find extensive use for the preservation of wood.

"There is no quick method of determining the effectiveness of a wood preservative. Service tests are the only reliable guides. This is unfortunate, because it places a considerable burden upon the legitimate promotion of promising new materials and may result in their abandonment after many years of trial."

Of one of the special processes on trial, Dr. Hunt says that the rapid seasoning of lumber claimed for it is no better than is being accomplished every day by hundreds of dry kilns throughout the country. He writes:

"It is possible by proper control of drying and manufacturing processes now in use to make good furniture from wood within a few days from the time the tree is felled. It is not, however, economically practicable or desirable.

"The effect of the presence of albumens or their coagulation or of the fermentation of the sap is of no consequence to the wood-preserver. Sap fermentation does not cause dry-rot or decay. Decay results from the growth of wood-destroying fungi, and good preservatives prevent this growth by poisoning the wood. Tar is not an excellent preservative unless deeply injected into the wood, and this deep injection is seldom accomplished. Surface treatments with tar have been repeatedly shown to be ineffective."

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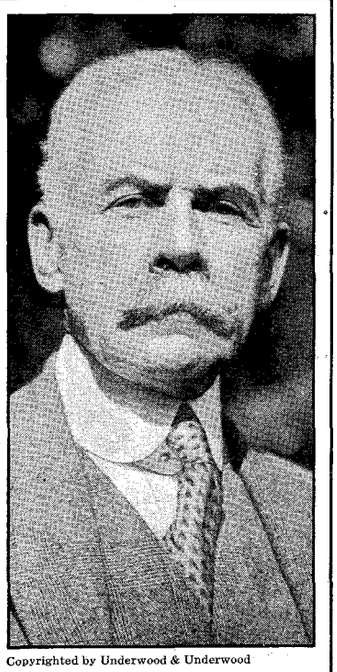
REMBRANDT IN THE CALDRON

FROM THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE WORLD come defenders of Rembrandt against Dr. J. C. Van Dyke's allegations of spuriousness; and the art expert of Rutgers College seems to be standing with his back to the wall with few beyond Joseph Pennell and Louis Elshimius to support him. Dr. Van Dyke has just issued a book, the result of years of study, on "Rembrandt and His School." In it he declares that there is not a genuine Rembrandt painting in any public museum of art in this country, and that out of 800 canvases usually ascribed to Rembrandt by critics not more than forty-nine are beyond doubt the work of this famous Dutch master. The declaration is a bombshell in art circles, and repercussions are heard in almost every center — London, Berlin, The Hague, Paris, as well as Chicago, Philadelphia and New York, wherever imputed Rembrandts are to be found. Only Petrograd, where some of his finest have hung in the Hermitage Museum, seems unmoved from its economic improvisations to discuss so trivial a subject. The book has not yet been widely read; many who oppose its conclusions admit never having seen it. Dr. Van Dyke has spent forty years in study of pictures, and holds the professorship of Art and Archeology in Rutgers. He repudiates any desire for sensation and merely wishes to establish history. The New York *Times* gives this startling summary of the book's contentions:



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PROFESSOR J. C. VAN DYKE,

Who strips down the list of genuine Rembrandts to forty-nine.

"There is not a Rembrandt in any American public gallery on Professor Van Dyke's list of genuine paintings. European galleries receive almost like treatment. He declares that in the Louvre there are only four true Rembrandts out of the twenty-three credited to him; in the Hermitage Gallery, Petrograd, there are but two out of forty-three; in the National Gallery, London, there are four out of twenty-one, and in the Kaiser Frederich Museum, Berlin, there are three out of twenty-six, with a shade of doubt about these three. These assertions are backed up by profuse illustrations, with references to 1,000 or more illustrations in other books."

Every student of Dutch art, maintains Dr. Van Dyke, has known that there were too many Rembrandts, and not enough works by his pupils and followers. But "the Rembrandt tradition" has been so universally accepted that "no one seems to have had the temerity of soul to attack it." *The Times* gives his further contentions:

"The Rembrandt authorities, such as Dr. Bode, Dr. Bredius, and others, have been adding to it from time to time by discovering new Rembrandts that were painted by pupils. Dr. Bode is responsible for the cataloging of the twenty-six Rembrandts in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin. The pictures were painted by ten or more painters, and only three out of the twenty-six were painted by Rembrandt. There is even a shade of doubt about each one of the three. The rest are pupils' work done by Eeckhout, Bol, Koninck, Horst and others.

"The so-called Rembrandts in all the European galleries are just as badly confused. The portrait of Rembrandt in a velvet cap, which is usually accounted the clou of the Rembrandt group in the National Gallery is a flat copy and has not one stroke of Rembrandt in or about it. 'The Good Samaritan' in the Louvre that Fromentin wrote about so eloquently was done by Simon de Vlieger; the 'Tobit and Angel' by Bol, 'The Woman Bathing' by Eeckhout, and so on. There are a great number of school and pupil pieces in the Hermitage collection. The celebrated 'Danae' is by Horst, the so-called Sobieski portrait is by Koninck, and there are many pictures by Bol, Flinck, and Aert de Gelder. They are excellent works of art—some of them quite worthy of Rembrandt—but my point is that they are by pupils, not by Rembrandt.

"The Metropolitan Museum here in New York is perhaps more unfortunate than the European galleries. With the best wishes in the world for the Museum I could not find a single one of the fifteen or more Rembrandts in the collection done by the master's hand. They were only too obviously done by other hands. For instance, there is the 'Old Woman Cutting Her Nails' that every one gazes at with admiration and thinks a wonderful Rembrandt. Well, it is an early and rather violent Nicolaes Maes. Three pictures of Nicolaes Maes are placed on the same sheet with a picture of the 'Old Woman Cutting Her Nails.' Any one can see that the same model, at slightly different ages, appears in all four of the pictures. The Old Woman of the Metropolitan shows her at her youngest and the Brussels picture shows her dead and in her coffin. Now, this woman was a favorite model of Nicolaes Maes. He painted her more than a dozen times and the pictures are now in the European galleries under the name of Maes. Rembrandt never painted her at all, nor did any of his other pupils. But the model is only one clue to the identity of the picture. The drawing, poor construction, rambling composition, violent contrasts of light and shade, dark coloring, harsh and often ineffectual handling, all speak for Maes—Maes in his most Rembrandtesque phase, when he was a pupil working in the Rembrandt shop, or had just left it.

"The 'Portrait of a Man' in the Metropolitan Museum (Marquand collection), put down to Rembrandt, and an excellent portrait, is another example of Maes, painted at a later period. 'The Oriental' (given by Mr. Vanderbilt), another fine Metropolitan picture, and the 'Pilate Washing His Hands' of the Altman collection, were both done by Salomon Koninck; the Hendricke Stoffels and the beautiful picture of 'Titus' as a boy were done by Bernaert Fabritius; the 'Young Dutch Woman' is by Jacob Backer, the 'Sibyl' (Davis collection) is by Drost; the 'Bathsheba' probably by Horst; the so-called 'Titus and His Wife' were portraits done in the Rembrandt shop; the 'Portrait of a Lady in Black' belongs to the school of Frans Hals, and so on."

Outside of New York the reaper goes on cutting. Some works are in private collections and have to be treated carefully. *The Times* quotes him indirectly:

"In Chicago, at the Art Institute, the 'Portrait of a Girl,' credited to Rembrandt, is, according to Professor Van Dyke, the work of a pupil whose identity is unknown. The 'Portrait of Saskia,' in the Byers collection in Pittsburgh, he reassigns to Aert de Gelder. 'The Young Samson,' in the Evans collection in Boston, he gives to Ferdinand Bol. He also points out that in the Widener collection in Philadelphia there are two Rembrandts which, he says, really were painted by Vermeer of Delft, but as such are even more valuable pictorially, historically and commercially than they would be as Rembrandts."

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Dr. Van Dyke does not deny that many of these are fine works of art and worthy of the place they hold in any museum. He anticipates something of the furore he has raised:

"As for the museum directors, they are not always at liberty to say what they please. The so-called Rembrandts at the Metropolitan were practically all given to the Museum as Rembrandts. For the authorities there to take down Rembrandt's name and put pupils' names in its place would probably cause dissent from the heirs of the donors. It would very likely result in future legacies of pictures being curtailed. That is generally true also of the European museums.

"Of course, I must anticipate opposition to my views. Every gallery director who has cataloged Rembrandts, every writer who has written honestly but mistakenly about Rembrandt (and I am one of them), every collector who owns Rembrandts, every dealer who has bought and sold them will perhaps think it necessary to justify his own position by bombarding my position. I may have no quarrel with them, but they will probably quarrel with me. My task has not been an easy or a pleasant one. For instance, it seems very ungracious to be courteously received and entertained by some famous English art lover, such as Sir Herbert Cook, and then go away and write down his Rembrandts as Van der Pluyms; or, again, it seems presumptuous to flatly differ with so distinguished an art authority as D. S. McColl, director of the Wallace collection in London. Perhaps it has been the unwillingness to do or say these things that has kept me from writing this book so many years."

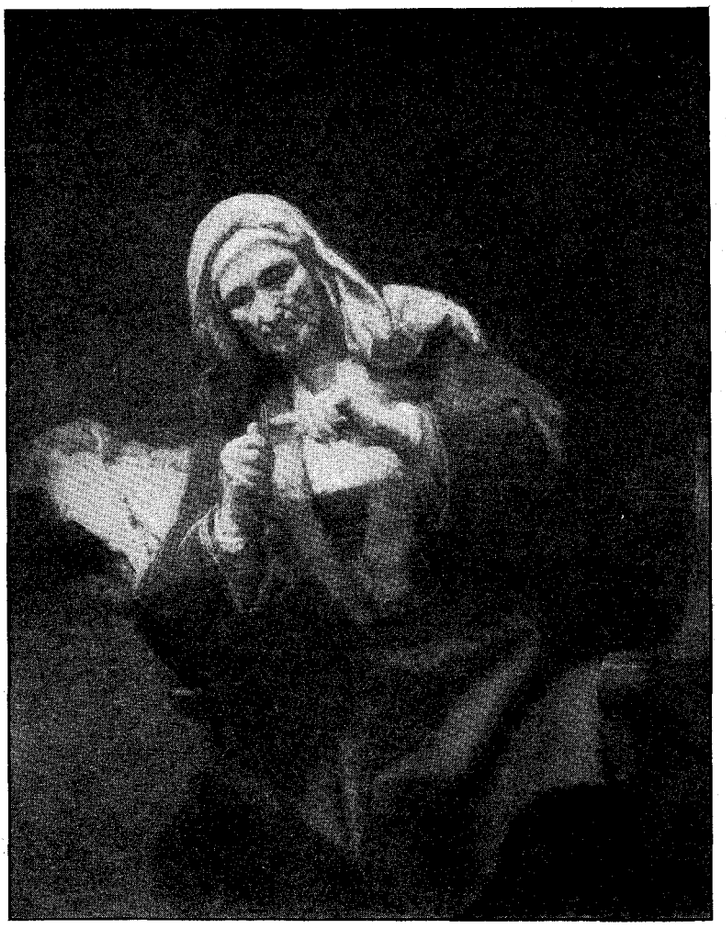
From Dr. Bode in Berlin comes the statement that the charges made by Dr. Van Dyke are "highly unjust," and he finds a German named Laudner who made similar charges years ago. Dr. Bode stands by "300 or 400 actual Rembrandts in existence." "Even the most skeptical connoisseurs," says Professor Martin, of the Mauretshuis Museum, The Hague, quoted in the New York *Herald*, "admit that there are no less than 500 genuine Rembrandts." Baron D'Estournelles de Constant, curator of the Louvre, is quoted in the New York *American:*

"Van Dyke is starting with the wrong premise, that every painting by a master must be a masterpiece. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

"Most of these revelations come from a similar source, because the critic, when he does not see flaming genius in a painting, immediately dubs it a fake, whereas every great master painted some very bad pictures."

dated portraits from his hand as early as 1626 and as late as 1669.

"You may put me on record as being ready to assert and prove the genuineness of every one of the fifteen alleged Rembrandts in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The same is true of those in the Louvre, in the Weidener collection, the Friedsam collection, and the Frick collection. Thirty-five genuine Rembrandts in the world! Ridiculous! There are hundreds. If Professor Van Dyke had said that there were only thirty-five monumental works by Rembrandt in existence I should be tempted to agree with him. Rembrandt did all sorts of work. We alone, since 1848, have handled more than 300 of his pictures. Most of them were signed."



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

LONG THOUGHT A REMBRANDT

One of the Metropolitan "Rembrandts" that shares the fate of all the others there. "Not genuine," according to Professor Van Dyke. It is named "The Old Woman Cutting Her Nails." "Well, it is an early and rather violent Nicolaes Maes."

The New York *Evening Post* sent a man to interview E. M. Sperling, of the Kleinberger Galleries, for that collection holds a "John the Baptist" admitted by Dr. Van Dyke as "one of the few genuine Rembrandts in existence." Mr. Sperling is here quoted assuming, as was first reported by those who had not read Professor Van Dyke, that he had admitted but thirty-five genuine Rembrandts:

"I can't understand whether the Professor is to be taken seriously or not. This is the portrait to which he generously refers as genuine. Look at this one, 'Woman Plucking a Fowl.'

"See, it is signed and dated. We paid $60,000 for the 'John the Baptist' at the Stewart Smith sale. For this one we paid 450,000 francs in Paris before the war. Nearly twice as much as for the 'John the Baptist.' That is what we think of them and their genuineness.

"To my mind Professor Van Dyke, whoever he is, and I have not seen the book, mind you, has done America and American institutions a very poor service indeed, if his statements are as they are reported.

"He has evidently taken no heed of research work on Rembrandt for the last forty years. Why, every moment of Rembrandt's life is an open book. He painted for forty-three years, and he was an ardent worker. We have signed and

Mr. Pennell is quoted in *The Herald* as saying that Rembrandt "would curl up and die if he saw the paintings and etchings attributed to him to-day." He adds:

"I know the etchings especially, and I have seen etchings sold as Rembrandts which bore no resemblance to his work.

"I can name one Rembrandt painting that I know to be spurious which was sold in this country for several hundred thousand dollars. I would be sued for libel and put to a lot of trouble, or I would name it.

"Dr. Van Dyke is a man who for thirty or forty years has visited the European galleries every year and consulted the greatest painters and critics on the subject. He has a knowledge of Rembrandt that is second to none. He is a painstaking, scholarly critic, and I regard him as the only real critic of painting we have in America to-day.

"I visited many European galleries with him during the course of his studies, and I think we owe him a great deal for his prolonged researches and for his exposure of the fraud that has been

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perpetrated in the name of Rembrandt. He may have made mistakes. His statement that there are no real Rembrandts in the Metropolitan is a very positive one."

This seems to be but the beginning of a long and possibly violent controversy in the art world, that may have very vital results in a commercial as well as educational sense. Dr. Van Dyke has given many interviews, reaffirming the positions taken in his book, and seems to gain new supporters. The New York *Herald* prints this:

"Representatives of eight Fifth Avenue dealers in old masters, after considering the question of suing Dr. John C. Van Dyke on the ground that he had libeled them collectively, decided yesterday to drop the matter.

"Most of them were appeased by a statement by Dr. Van Dyke that his reflections on 'men of commerce' in the Rembrandt controversy did not refer to the present generation of dealers especially, but to their predecessors for two and a half centuries."

THE "HICK" FARMER PROTESTS

THE MOVING PICTURE IS THREATENED and the legitimate stage must look sharp. The American Farm Bureau Federation, convening in Chicago, plans "to compel the motion-picture promoters to quit caricaturing the agriculturist on the silver screen." In place it recommends a representation of "the modern farmer, a type of business man with a capital of from $25,000 to $100,000, an owner of automobiles and the latest farm machinery." Of course, the proposal strikes the urban dweller variously. The Philadelphia *Record*, fearing that the Federation, "if it ever had a sense of humor, is losing it now," wonders how, in such an eventuality, we are to differentiate the new farmer from the wicked city capitalist. The Buffalo *Express*, also, wonders if "the public want the kindly old 'Yankee farmer' type replaced by a collector of dollars." Saying:

"Altho some people like to make jokes at the expense of the agriculturist, there has always been a feeling of respect for the man who is acknowledged to be the backbone of the nation. And there are city dwellers who envy the farmer for his life in the open and his independence in dress and simplicity in manners.

"And isn't the Federation just a bit inconsistent? We are told repeatedly by farm organizations that farmers are not making money, that they are forced to sell their holdings, that there is no opportunity for education and development of their children. Now the Federation would inform us through pictures that farmers are wealthy individuals who ride around in automobiles just like city folk."

The modern farmer's strongest advocate comes from the Yankee belt. Thus the Boston *Globe*:

"People who have never lived in the country have a very complete picture of the farming population. All the men wear straw hats with broad brims and broken crowns. They are shod with cowhide boots, into which are tucked the legs of patched trousers. Chin whiskers are universal, and so is a vacant expression suggesting blood relationship to the inmates of the imbecile asylum. The proper form of salutation with which to attract the attention of these scarecrows is 'Hey, Rube.'

"It is small wonder that the American Farm Bureau Federation has served notice on motion-picture directors and theater managers that the 'hick' of the theatrical imagination must go, to be replaced with representations more in keeping with the facts.

"This action by rural organizations is not to be thought dictated entirely by injured pride in personal appearance. It has a far deeper significance. The farmers are combining as never before in this country to fight for a square deal.

"The farmer has his troubles with railroads and banks. He has been very much at the mercy of middlemen and speculators who have made fat incomes, while he has had to work early and late for every dollar. Just as long as the farmer is represented as a low comedy joke it will be very difficult for him to obtain the economic and political justice which mean life to him.

"Farming has become a business, and the farmer a combination of producer and merchant. He is the real source of most of the wealth of this country, for new riches almost always come out of the ground. Justice to the farmer will arrive sooner when the farmer of comic imagination is replaced by the substantial man of affairs who produces the raw material for food and clothes."

MORLEY, THE MAN OF LETTERS

JOHN MORLEY WAS A BORN LITTERATEUR, and in future he is more likely to be remembered for his contribution to English letters than for anything he was able to do in politics. This is the judgment of the London *Daily Telegraph*, a paper not in political sympathy with the man who was once in line to be Liberal Prime Minister. "He was a rare combination of scholar, man of letters, and statesman," says the London *Daily Chronicle*, and his studies of the French liberal leaders of the eighteenth century, Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot; his "Life of Gladstone," and his tenure of office as Chief Secretary for Ireland, and again for India, all bear out the description. He had been out of public life since August, 1914, when he resigned from the Asquith cabinet, because as a follower of Cobden and Bright he disapproved of participation in war. He died on September 23, at the age of 84. Mr. Asquith on hearing of his death is quoted as saying: "It means the disappearance of the last survivor of a heroic age . . . English literature and the great traditions of public life are impoverished by his loss."

Not the least of his public services came when he held the post of the editor of *The Fortnightly Review*. Of that period *The Saturday Review* declares that Morley "left an ineffaceable mark upon English thought."

"He did a great service to English journalism, of which he was justly tho modestly proud, by succeeding in the first attempt in this country to conduct a periodical 'on the principles of free discussion and personal responsibility.' It is difficult in these days of unlimited license not only for thought but for expression, to realize that in 1867 it was still possible to represent Darwinism as a contest between monkeys and angels, and for a great statesman to obtain a cheap laugh by declaring that he was on the side of the angels. That we have progressed in this respect is due perhaps to Lord Morley more than to any other journalist. By throwing open the pages of *The Fortnightly* to Clifford and Huxley, for instance, he gave them an opportunity to put the true position of evolutionary doctrine before the general reader, and thus set an example which has been so widely copied that it is hard to realize what a medieval obscurantism prevailed in the days of our fathers. The excitement caused by his publication of Huxley's famous essay on the physical basis of life, in 1869, was a sign that controversies which had previously been confined to books and treatises were to be admitted to popular periodicals, 'and that the common man of the world would now listen and have an opinion of his own on the bases of belief.' Lord Morley's own writings were ever devoted to the task of inculcating truth and setting up a standard against which false ideals would be unable to prevail. He aimed at teaching his readers to know and to love the highest. His fine literary instinct was informed by a passion for righteousness which makes his collected essays invigorating and helpful, as well as a constant source of intellectual enjoyment. He possest, as he said of Burke, 'the sacred gift of inspiring men to use a grave diligence in caring for high things, and in making their lives at once rich and austere.' He deliberately devoted his great natural endowments and his treasure of hoarded knowledge to the task of opening, correcting and strengthening the minds of his readers; he never looked on literature as the mere provision of amusement for idlers. To spend an hour with one of his books is like Alpine climbing; it takes us into a bracing and an eager air, touched with the purity even if also with the coldness of the great snow-fields."

English papers have devoted large space to an account of his life and work, but *The New Statesman*, which is radical-liberal, charges that "with a unanimity that tells of slackness" these writers have been calling him "austere and dryly intellectual." Speaking as the younger element:

"To those who knew him only after his sixtieth year the epithets do not apply. Mrs. Asquith was much nearer the mark when she described him as beyond all else sensitive and responsive. The common judgment, in which both friends and foes have appeared to agree, was based upon the Morley of *The Fortnightly* and *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and especially upon that most aggressive of his books, 'On Compromise,' which might more properly have have been entitled 'No Compromise.' There was, as a matter of fact, not very much in common between the author of that renowned defiance and the Liberal Cabinet

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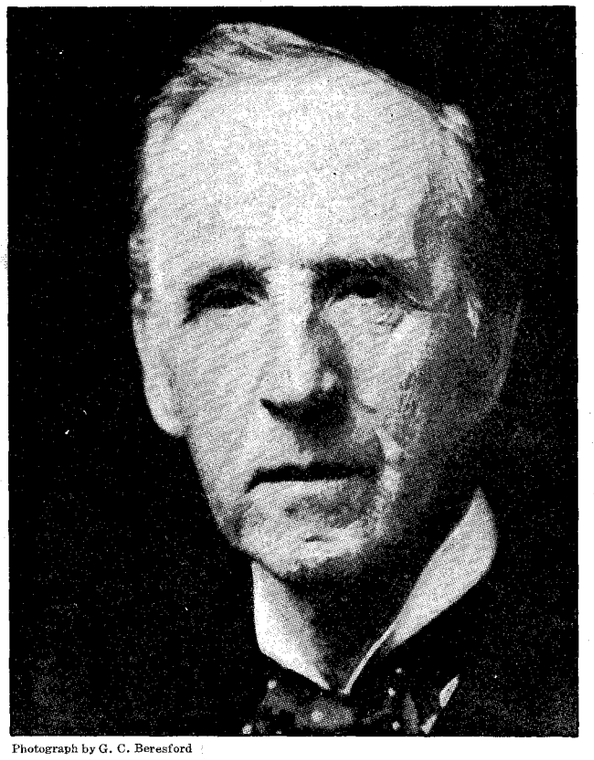
Minister. He attained a great position by political character. He lost his seat at Newcastle by refusing to budge on Eight Hours. He threw over Parnell. He told his northern admirers that the Boer War was wrong. But he certainly did not rule from Dublin Castle without compromise; and the thousands of educated Indians who, as Gokhale told him, called him Master, found it hard to understand the legend of his inflexibility. The fact is, he had learned in office that 'politics are a field where action is one long second-best.' The only claim he made for himself was that the anchor held. He was more satisfying as friend, or as disciple, than as colleague; but he was better as a Minister than as a parliamentarian. He could never have been a first-rate House of Commons man, and his speaking in Parliament was a poor reflection only of his power on the platform. The graces of the orator were not his; but between the first Home Rule fight and the South African War there was hardly a speaker in England who excelled him in effect. His speeches were thoroughly built. He had the gift of pointed phrase and crashing paragraph; and he, whose writing was highly mannered, loaded and latinized, could utter a tremendous peroration in monosyllables. He was a most characteristic and impressive Englishman of letters; an eminent Victorian if there ever was one."



Photograph by G. C. Beresford

"LAST SURVIVOR OF A HEROIC AGE"

So Mr. Asquith names Lord Morley of Blackburn, who left the Asquith cabinet when the war started.

Thirty years ago Morley wrote an introduction to a volume of Wordsworth's poetry. The first paragraph is one of those magnificent pieces that show the architectonic quality of a great style. We quote it, because in a certain sense the passage implies so much of the history of our own times:

"The poet whose works are contained in the present volume was born in the little town of Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on April 7, 1770. He died at Rydal Mount in the neighboring county of Westmoreland, on April 23, 1850. In this long span of mortal years, events of vast and enduring moment shook the world. A handful of scattered and dependent colonies in the northern continent of America made themselves into one of the most powerful and beneficent of States. The ancient monarchy of France, and all the old ordering of which the monarchy had been the keystone, was overthrown, and it was not until after many a violent shock of arms, after terrible slaughter of men, after strange diplomatic combinations, after many social convulsions, after many portentous mutations of Empire, that Europe once more settled down for a season into established order and system. In England almost alone, after the loss of her great possessions across the Atlantic Ocean, the fabric of the State stood fast and firm. Yet here, too, in these eighty years, an old order slowly gave place to new. The restoration of peace, after a war conducted with extraordinary tenacity and fortitude, led to a still more wonderful display of ingenuity, industry, and enterprise, in the more fruitful field of commerce and of manufactures. Wealth, in spite of occasional vicissitudes, increased with amazing rapidity. The population of England and Wales grew from being seven and a half millions in 1770, to nearly eighteen millions in 1850. Political power was partially transferred from a territorial aristocracy to the middle and trading classes. Laws were made at once more equal and more humane. During all the tumult of the great war which for so many years bathed Europe in fire, through all the throes and agitations in which peace brought forth the new time, Wordsworth for half a century (1799-1850) dwelt sequestered in unbroken composure and stedfastness in his chosen home amid the mountains and lakes of his native region, working out his own ideal of the poet's high office.

"All art or poetry that has the effect of breathing into men's hearts, even if it be only for a space, these moods of settled peace, and strongly confirming their judgment and their will for good—whatever limitations may be found besides, however prosaic may be some or much of the detail—is great art and noble poetry, and the creator of it will always hold, as Wordsworth holds, a sovereign title to the reverence and gratitude of mankind."

Lord Morley once publicly declared himself "a voracious reader of fiction." The Manchester *Guardian* gives a few more of his literary predilections:

"To a friend who asked what he considered the best passage in English literature, he quoted Meredith's opinion that some passages in Charlotte Brontë's 'Villette' and a chapter in Hawthorne's 'Marble Faun' were the pick. It was interesting to find that such a fastidious master of English style gave a foremost place in his library shelves to Dickens. He had all the Carlyle books, and another favorite was Frederic Harrison. Of modern publicists he was warmest in his appreciation of the trenchant style of Goldwin Smith.

"Of his own books he put 'Cromwell' first, tho many of his readers would divide their votes between 'Voltaire' and 'Burke.' Readers of his 'Life of Gladstone' may remember that when Lord Morley asked Gladstone what he considered the finest lines in all poetry, Gladstone replied that the most glorious, perhaps, was one of Milton's. Lord Morley says he forgot the others. In his later years he could not even recall the discussion."

A THREATENED "CALAMITY"—Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld bids his patrons make the most of the Follies of 1923, for he'll indulge no more in such expensive diversions. But the New York *Herald* will not have it so:

"His first experiment in the direction of what has become a fixt form of amusement cost $13,000 to put before the public and $3,800 a week to keep it there. The price of the 'Follies' now in preparation will be $350,000, while the weekly budget has been estimated at $26,000. Even the capacious and comfortable New Amsterdam Theater is not large enough to cover the expenses of such an enterprise at prices which the public is willing to pay. Tickets even for musical plays can not be pushed beyond a certain figure.

"Cost of materials is, of course, the explanation for the increased expense of production. Silks and satins, spangles and laces, canvas and paint—all these indispensable elements of an extravaganza have vastly increased in price during the eighteen years that the 'Follies' have been a summer source of fun. Labor unions have sent up the wages of stage-hands, and actors are also receiving much more than they used to. When such an elaborate scale of beauty and competence is maintained as Mr. Ziegfeld has established for his yearly show, the staggering cost may well be conceded. To this must be added this manager's reputation for lavish expenditure to gain whatever may add additional allurement to his enterprise.

"But the 'Follies' will not be allowed to depart. Mr. Ziegfeld will be saved from the results of his decision by the action of the public. Audiences will get along with less splendor and a much cheaper expenditure for materials. So long as the high standard of looks is maintained in the 'Follies' the public will not quarrel over the richness of materials. So long as the comedians are funny, audiences will not prove captious about the background before which they appear."

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WHEN PHILOSOPHY ACCEPTS THE CROSS

CHRISTIANITY IS EVERLASTINGLY TRUE, says a philosopher who has reached the point where reason abandons him to faith. Science, he finds, offers cold comfort to the needy soul calling for the solace of a last viaticum. It cites causes, but omits the main one; it plots and maps the mundane journey, but reveals no motive for the journey or the nature of the destination. Failing to lift its eyes to the heavens, it falls into a grave of its own digging, and wraps itself in cerements of its own weaving. Such an exordium to Christianity and so vivid a faith as this philosopher writes and feels will bring more than a grain of comfort to those who are fearful that philosophy in seeking wisdom expects to find it within the walls of material experience, and that the young student of to-day is generally expected so to limit his search. Tho so thoroughly a believer in Christianity, Professor Hartley Burr Alexander, of the University of Nebraska, finds it intellectually impossible to mold himself into any one of the many theological forms. He is satisfied with the fact certified to on the Cross. In his *apologia pro fide*, a chapter in "Nature and Human Nature" (The Open Court Publishing Company), he writes that to the rational mind "there is a hopeless antagonism between the fact of the Passion and the theory of divinity; but the Scholastics were right, so far as keeping the important thing is concerned, in making theology rigidly submissive to revelation." "It is not the *intelligo*," he says, "but the *credo* that expresses Christian truth to experience, and in the *credo* the inevadable article is the proclamation of salvation *per viam crucis*."

Their sneer that religions are man-made Professor Alexander turns back on the rationalists. For is science any the less man-made? "Its numbers are the ten digits of our hands; its measures are our palms and paces." Beyond dialectic is insight. He quotes Pascal: "the heart has its reasons which the reason knoweth not," and adds, "there is a light of nature and there is an illumination of faith—tho only the former is human; the latter is the grace of God." Science still offers its skepticisms, but they are as old as religion. There were skeptics at Corinth, who doubted with the same doubts with which men doubt now. It is, of course, no answer to a doubt to say that it is old; but at least, says Professor Alexander, this fact "should take from it the noise of modernity, and perhaps it should persuade those who are moved by it to examine again the foundations of their convictions." The world, we are told, is an allegory, an image, a riddle to be read.

"Human experience is the act of reading, and the human body is but an instrument of precision, a lens, whose ever-shifting focus is throwing the signs into relief. Plato knew this—most Christian of pagans—and he made it his philosophy. Origen knew it, and he set it forth in his great conception of nature and history as the fantasm of the Logos, which, in turn, is the eternal Son of the eternal Will of God. It is as tho the Divine Will were the white light of creation, and the Divine Son the prism whereby this light were broken into the colored and banded manifestation, which is the world; for us knowledge is of two sorts—to measure the range and intensities of the colored expanses, and this is the labor of science and of history—and to recompose this outspread illumination into the simple pure ray of white light which is its source and essence, and this is the insight of faith and the truth of revelation."

The shouting fact of human experience is that men believe in and want goodness and beauty and feel the dearth of it. They grope after it, hope for light, and pray for redemption. This, says Professor Alexander, is human nature, and it is also the nature of that world from which human nature is derived.

"The plain fact *is* an act of faith in things unseen, things hoped for; and this act we call life. It is life; and it is also belief in God and yearning for salvation; and therefore I say that Christianity, which has figured forth these truths more profoundly than any other religion, is a true religion and *the* true religion, and a revelation of life unceasing. Wherefore it is that to me the skepticisms born of rationalistic science and rationalized history sound thin and piping, remote and of little consequence.

"The world is an image with a meaning, and life is a peril sustained by the hope of an escape; but it would be a mistake to assume that all signs are equally significant or all salvations equally secure. The Christian religion is no mere formula; it is specific; and none should mistake that its central and form-giving fact is the life and person of Jesus Christ. Whether that life is described in the main faithfully by disciples who viewed it with only a partial comprehension, as the simplicity of the Gospels would seem to indicate, or whether, as many moderns judge, it is clouded with legend, is of no material importance; for in any case its essence, its spiritual form, its Idea (in a Platonic mode), stands out with an emphasis which near two millennia have only rendered the more intense. For the life of Jesus is a hinge in human history, as no student of Christendom can fail to perceive; and as time passes, the simple and elemental reasons which make of it the image of our Redemption become but the more unencumbered and clear."

Among these reasons the most obvious was the preternatural faith of Jesus in his fellow men. He was sheerly original. He addrest his gospel not only to the superior among men, but to the slaves, the women and the weak. It appeared Quixotic to the educated and the highly placed, and yet, century by century, it has forced its point:

"First, refuge for the weak, alms to the poor, freedom for the slave; then chivalry, and all that fine devotion to the cause of the helpless and the hapless which, through the spread of Christianity, brought a ray of illumination into the barbarism of the Dark Ages; and finally, under the eaves of our own years, the recognition of the rights, political and economic and human, of all men and women and children, of all humanity, to participation in the great hope of mankind. These things have been affirmed by Christianity from the day of its founder; and it is the vigor of this affirmation which has put into democracy a spiritual power and a living force."

But the world has attempted to supersede the Gospel with various artifices of reason and logic, and "we have passed on to quibbles about knowledge, to creeds of experience based upon the shallows of experience, to critiques that touch the pulse of no spiritual need, and to antinomies of disembodied reason which die away into the vanities of the logistic." Professor Alexander does not forget much that is noble in philosophy, and speaks in no tone of condemnation. But he does speak "of the pitifulness of the intellectual failure which has closed the era of the Renaissance," and goes on:

"For the Great War, like a biting irony, has torn away the foundations of our conceits and stript us of our sufficiencies. Under the test of a naked human passion the Renaissance philosophies have been but as thin hands and shrill voices uplifted against a wind of disaster. The realisms that knew no reality save number and power, the idealisms that glozed with soft speech our unhealed sores and deep corruptions, the foolish adorations of the natural man, the sounding cant about evolution and progress, all are become but as gibbering and grimace, meaningless. In an hour when men had their utmost need of a full intelligence, an age which had boasted itself intellectual above all ages fell hapless into the Abyss."

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THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER

—Foley in the *Minnesota Daily Star*.

But the period has not passed without its lesson. It has taught us that patriotism is not enough, that the soul demands more than the dry pottage of material philosophy. During the war we saw cruelties and wickedness that we had believed impossible; but we saw also men rising to the nobilities of vicarious sacrifice. From the depths we have visioned the heights, and in assessing the world we must take into account not only what men have done, but as well what they have attempted, finding herein, perhaps, the clue to the understanding which all of us seek. It is ours, then, to read the new revelation, and to the task philosophy and religion must conjoin their efforts, "until once more in portraying the transfigured Man they shall have searched out the Logos of the world." Professor Alexander reverts to Christian imagery, but what else, he asks, can he find as a vehicle for his thought?

"For if the world be a symbol and its meaning such truth as I find implied in human nature and in human life, then Christianity is everlastingly true. And because the world *is* a symbol and life an expression of faith in the fact of a meaning, I find in the study of nature and of history but the one interest of the discovery of a true reading, and in the recorded history of Europe and of Christendom but the one possible reading. Whereof the token, like a stamp ineffaceable, inescapable, waxes in greatness and intensity with each repetition of its eternal truth: for its form is forever the same, cast as in relief upon the chaotic gloom, a stupendous Crucifixion, haloed with supernal light as out of a cleft in the heavens, and lifted up amid the night of an outer Darkness."

GASOLINE AND THE GOSPEL

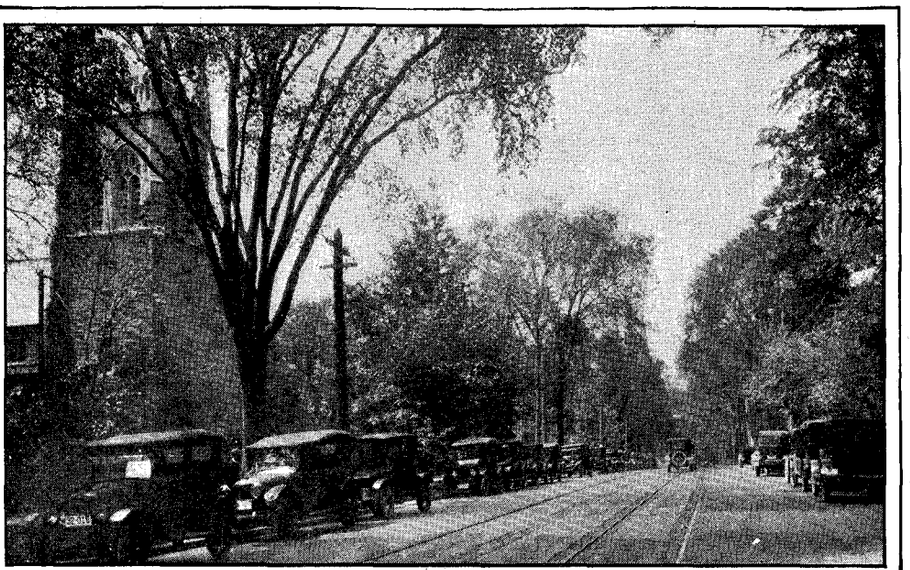
IS THE AUTOMOBILE AN ASSET or a liability of the Church? An observer has said that a Christian auto is one that takes people to church; an unchristian auto one that keeps people away from church. Looking at the Sunday parades to beach, golf-course, and camp, many are persuaded that the motor car is ruining church attendance and thus hindering the Lord's work. Examples are cited of whole families lost to the Church through possession of an automobile. Week-end parties take up the time and thought once devoted to religious observance. On Sunday the roads are so cluttered with automobiles that it requires extra space in the Monday morning newspapers for the casualty news and the obituary notices. And moral disasters are as frequent as physical wrecks.

On the other hand, a few pastors report that their attendance has steadily improved because of the number who come in their automobiles, and the scenes around some of the churches on Sunday morning attest to what good use the automobile is being put. As one who believes that the automobile is a tremendous asset to religion, E. A. Hungerford puts the matter in this way in *The Christian Herald:*

"'How do you get that way?' sarcastically comments the man who lives in a house beside a State road. 'At eleven o'clock Sunday morning the highway is jammed with automobiles, going and coming, and I'll bet a cookie not two in a hundred of their passengers are on their way to divine worship. A lot of those folks used to attend church regularly. Now they leave the House of God flat and go skylarking all over seven counties. You can't tell me the auto is making any contributions to the religious life of the country.'

"Thus does it appear to the casual observer of Sunday motor traffic that the automobile is luring people from church attendance to picnics in the country, golf, tennis, beaches, visits to relatives, sightseeing tours, and what not. But most of the people who indulge in such amusements on Sunday never did go to church anyway. They lay in bed late, stayed indoors and read, upset the housewife's tranquillity by displaying an ugly temper, overate at dinner time, took a nap in the afternoon, and went to the 'movies' in the evening. After the automobile arrived as a factor in the family's life, Sunday became a day that was contemplated with pleasure instead of dread. Now the whole family sallies forth to better health and greater happiness. And the extra pep and mental alertness that a man has for his job and next week's work has a bearing even on his prosperity.

"This indicates, nevertheless, that the motor car is a competitor of the Church. Can the Church compete successfully



BUT HERE, TOO, IS A NOT UNUSUAL SIGHT

Automobiles are parked in front of this church as far as the eye can see, a mute testimony that all car owners do not spend their Sundays at beach or golf-course, or in week-end parties at the camp.

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with this comparatively new element in civilization, the automobile, which is increasing in quantity at the rate of over 300,000 cars a month? It can, and is. Take a look at another side of the picture. Go to any church edifice on a Sunday morning and see the line of cars drawn up in front of the place—cars which have brought people to divine worship. It is a sight which will change the attitude of many who are pessimistic about the Church's usefulness in this age. The churches of the nation have had an increase during the last year in both membership and attendance, considerably greater than the increase in population. It is a live, growing, powerful organization. And the automobile is to be credited for some of its advance."

It is to be hoped, remarks the editor of *The Reformed Church Messenger*, that this favorable outlook is justified. But he has serious doubts as to some communities he has visited, and believes that a number of church members are in imminent danger of losing their spiritual birthright because of their cars. To put the danger graphically, he asks:

"How many of your limousine owners are spending as much for the Church to-day as they are spending for gasoline and the upkeep of their expensive cars? How many have left the old simple ways of living, and mortgaged their homes and their futures in order that they might join the ranks of the millions who to-day own motor cars, and run them past hundreds of our churches without ever stopping for worship? One of the parish papers tells this interesting little story, which is worth passing on:

"'Mrs. S. is a woman of moderate means—a widow with seven married children. All of them are competent and self-sustaining. The entire family maintains eight motor cars. Attending a National Reform meeting, Mrs. S. heard the speaker say that this country spends seven billions a year on automobiles, and heard him ask the question: "Which is the more precious to you—your motor car or the upbuilding of God's Kingdom?" Mrs. S. called all her children around the home table for the next Sabbath dinner, and told them: "*As for me, I shall give twice as much to the Church and to its agencies as it costs to run my automobile. And I want you children to do the same. I would be ashamed to meet my Lord if my record showed that I cared more for luxurious riding on earth than I cared for the eternal Gospel.*"'"

BAD FAITH BALKING MISSIONARIES

THE AMEN OF A GUNBOAT'S CANNON to a missionary's prayer is not especially conducive to the early establishment of Christianity in pagan countries; since it signifies to the heathen that the Western religion does not meet the ancient test, "Physician, heal thyself." Too often, as recent history shows, the missionary has preached the Gospel of Christ only to have his words drowned in the thunder of a fusillade, which excites the polite rejoinder—from a Chinaman, say—that the missionary's government does not practise what he preaches. This too familiar state of affairs suggests to a former missionary in Shanghai, and editor of the *China Christian Advocate*, that the missionary must develop a new method of approach if Christianity is to conquer the world. In an article in *The Atlantic Monthly* Paul Hutchinson writes that any reappraisal of Christian missions, therefore, does not ask whether the preaching of the Gospel in non-Christian lands is a task that must be attempted, but rather whether it is the only task, and whether it is the task that the missions most need to do. "It is trite," he says, "to talk about a new era and a new world." He can not see, however, that the Christian churches or their agencies, the missions, have more than an academic appreciation of this changed situation. Otherwise, he feels it to be certain that they would be adjusting their programs to easily discernible facts.

The chief of these facts, writes Mr. Hutchinson, is that "the increase of the acknowledged Christian community is being held back, not by any lack of attention to the preaching in non-Christian lands, but by a lack of evidence that the Gospel can be, or is being, applied to the ills that threaten the life of the world. An intelligent native of a non-Christian country is more often than not ready to admit the high ethical level of the Christian Gospel, while he holds Christians either blind to denials of those ethics, or actively engaged in flouting them." Numerous instances in the last century, in the Far East, in the Near East, in Africa, and in the islands of the sea, we are told, have made it seem to the natives that the preaching of the Gospel was only preliminary to political or economic outrage. Sometimes the two have gone hand in hand. For instance:

"Not soon will educated Chinese forget that the charter under which the Christian missionary operates in his land was a part of that same Treaty of Nanking that legalized the importation of opium. So it is that these peoples wonder in bewilderment why the bodies that proclaim their devotion to the setting up of the rule of God can be content with the individual type of missions, while sins that give the very Christian concept of God the lie grow luxuriant.

"The sins that Christianity must face to-day are not only the sins of Greece and Rome. The old sins are still with us, but there are sins so pervasive that they can not be dealt with on any limited, individual scale. So long as these sins survive, any talk of success for Christian missions is clear futility. What are they?

"There is political injustice. It is a sad story, this tale of the political relations of West and East. The deeper you go into it, the more sordid it becomes. And if any American thinks he has reason why he may stand erect in the presence of English or German or French or Russian publicans, and thank God he is not as other men, let him read again the conclusion to which Tyler Dennett comes after writing 707 pages of evidence on 'Americans in Eastern Asia': 'No nation has escaped the valid charge of bad faith. The guilt of all parties being clearly proven, it has seemed profitless to continue the discussion of guilt with a view to determining the relative degree of wickedness. Each nation, the United States not excepted, has made its contribution to the evil which now comprises the Far Eastern Question.'"

There is also the economic exploitation. "Western business demands, and secures, all sorts of governmental exemptions and favors to insure its profits when it goes abroad. And again and again, when there, it follows a policy of inhuman hours and starvation wages that is sowing the wind against the future." Even more devastating, we are told, is racial prejudice. "If we plant a 'model settlement' in Shanghai, let us not think that we can make the exclusion from public parks of Chinese, and animals not on leash, a part of the model without paying a penalty."

Finally, continues the writer, there is the devotion to material standards of success. The non-Christian lands "have been becoming profoundly suspicious of the materialism of the West, and the war has confirmed them in their suspicions. The distrust of Japan, where Western materialism has most conquered, by other countries of the Orient is of vital significance." With these sins the Christian missions must deal if they would make the world truly Christian. It will require an entire change in missionary method, we are told; enormous expenditure, organization to study world conditions so as to detect and checkmate international sins, and unity of effort. But, thinks Mr. Hutchinson, the churches will not consider, without a struggle, any such radical readjustment of their missionary programs, which will give as much attention to checkmating international sins fostered by supposedly Christian lands as to seeking converts in other hemispheres. Yet, he says, events may force the change:

"Unescapably the fact looms up that Christian missions will make this shift of objective, or they will just peter out. They are doing this in many countries now. Not Christianity—but Christian missions. Time was when Duff's schools in India, and the mission schools of Korea, Japan, and China were the controlling schools of those lands. It is not so now. Time was when the mission doctors were the unchallenged leaders in the medical profession. Not now. Time was when the commanding Christian preacher was the missionary evangelist. Not now. Christian missions, the method by which Western Christians contribute to the world's salvation, will pass; we watch the process.

"This readjustment to a new campaign is not a minor matter. For either the churches of the West will make the readjustment, and find themselves once more engaged upon an enterprise of vigor and significance, or their bid for a place among the world's molding forces will end in a formal sterility."

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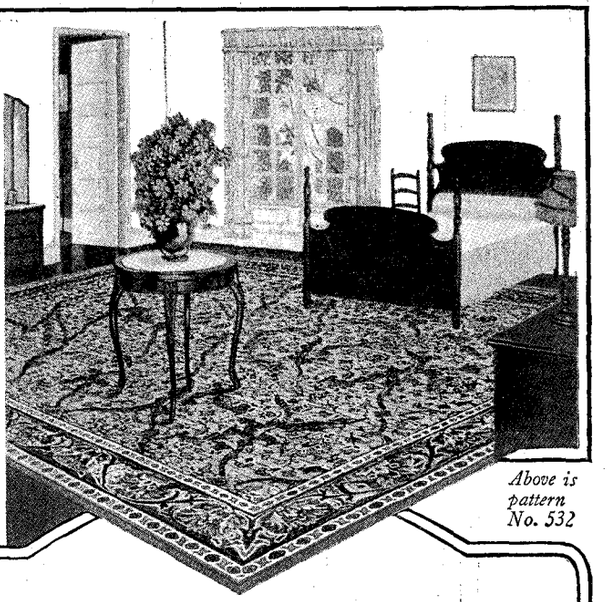
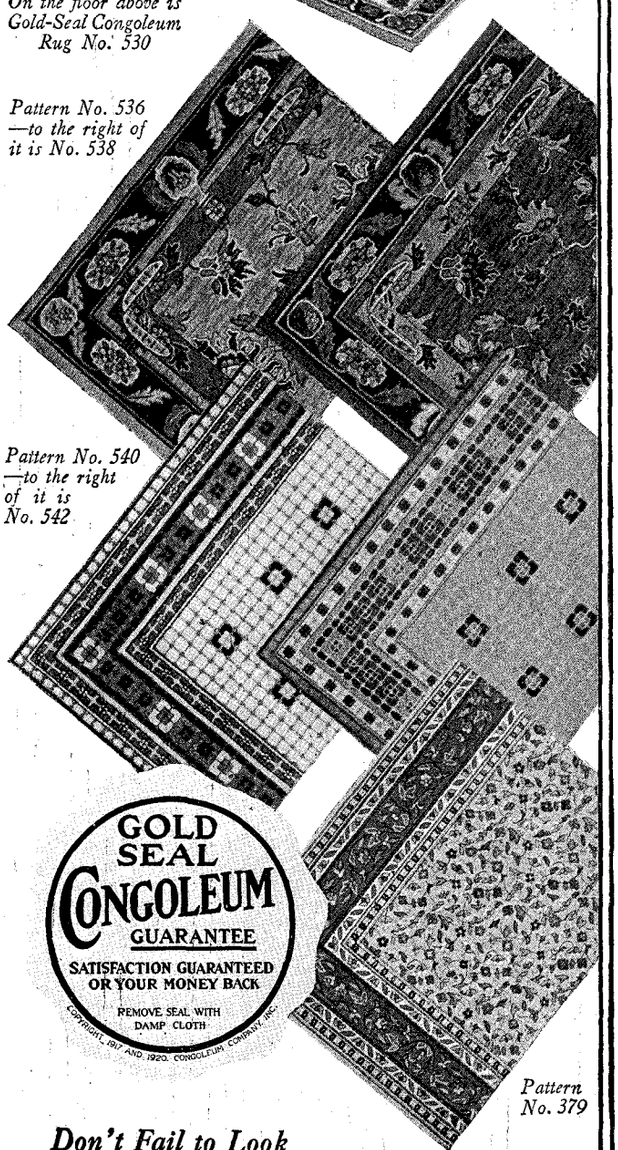


Above is pattern No. 532

Pattern No. 536 —to the right of it is No. 538

Pattern No. 540 —to the right of it is No. 542



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CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned.

IN *To-Day* (London) Cecil Roberts retells the story of Lord Byron and Countess Guiccioli:

A GHOST OF VENICE

By Cecil Roberts

There's the Contessa Guiccioli!
Is she flesh or legend now,
She whose face the long-dead poet
Looked upon, whose girlish brow
Crowned with snow such eyes of wonder?
'Tis her famished ghost, I vow!

Yet—there is a note still lingers
Of the voice that answered when.
Such a head on such a bosom,
Lay the poet-lord, whose pen
Took the very breath of Europe.
Yes, it sounds, I think, as then.

Once, and only once, I saw them,
On a far-off April day
In a salon set in Venice,
On the Grand Canal; they say
'Twas that very night enslaved them,
Till he went the war-like way.

Yes, he was a man, per Dio!
Such a head to look upon—
Proud, and with a flash of spirit
That, though forty years have gone,
I recall the thrill that swept us
Seeing then the Destined One.

Ah, they gossiped, but 'twas Venice;
Truth or tale, it mattered not.
"La! Lord Byron!" cried the lady—
"Not another word!" and what
The story was we'll never know
That left the lady very hot.

Yes, he was a charmer. Wicked?
Well—depends on where you are,
What is called romance in Venice
May be sin at Zanzibar!
Venice is the gate, remember,
Of the East—where rules Ishtar.

Not that I support the rumour;
Let us watch it, you and I
That we are not less than human,
Else, being caught, we may not cry
On the world to pity frailty.
Others judged them, never I!

Sixteen years, such girlish beauty
Breaking into blossom then;
Famous, handsome, with a manner
Placing him apart from men—
How they talked and laughed and parted,
Sighed—"A rivederci" when

Came the gondolier to take her,
Gliding down the starlit water,
Sitting at her side the husband,
Hateful, old, and rich, who bought her,
Just a child, sweet, knowing only
What the convent nuns had taught her.

Do you marvel that, impatient,
Her young wings spread out to tak
Such a flight in Love's dominion
As they only know who make
Full surrender to the moment,
Ruthless of the bonds they break?

Byron, wearied with much loving,
Had not been the world's applauded
And escaped the world's loud censure—
'Tis a way the much rewarded
Suffer for the light upon them.
Yet the end, it is accorded,

Fitted well the baffled eagle.
Do you think she said him nay
When he found a cause to die for?
Lips that loved did not cry "Stay!"
All his will was hers, so found he
Night awhile and deathless day.

Yes. a ghost of the young Countess!
Beauty, youth, all gone with Time,
But there's something she's denied it—
Fast within a book of rime
Beats the heart and hour immortal
That knew such a love sublime.

WHETHER intended or not, these lines in *Scribner's* may well stand for Italy to-day and her hopes of future greatness.

SONG OF YOUTH

By Edith Burr

The streets of Florence changed beneath the sun
  When Giovinezza set her mystic seal
  Of melody upon the air—I feel
The youthful voices have their guerdon won;
Of glowing threads their fiery theme is spun.
  That daring cry of joy that would reveal
  The onward path of truth with love's appeal;
That cry of youth, a renaissance begun.
A chord is struck alive and quivering
  Against my soul; which soon will thunder past
    The outward verge of every land; will cry
The glory of Italia; will sing
  The flowering of her hope; in song forecast
    A golden day of beauty drawing nigh!

THE iron-worker as a subject for sociological inquiry is a very familiar figure, but as the subject of a poem he is met infrequently. In London *Punch* D. M. S. gives us a vivid image of the iron-worker in lines that ring with the music of the anvil.

SONGS OF THE ANCIENT CRAFTS

VI.—The Iron-Worker

By D. M. S.

Clink, hammer, clink and clang apace;
Be Dunstan's benison on this place!
  And, that the iron may glow,
    Blow, bellows, blow!

Look ye, this iron is better far
Than pallid gold and silver are;
  Hark! while I sing to you
    What it may do.

In iron cressets torches burn;
On iron spits the fat geese turn;
  In iron chests men hold
    Their hoarded gold.

The shepherd's crook with iron is tipped;
The rushlight wan in iron is clipped;
  The coulter and the spade
    Thereof are made.

Though it be cold and hard and dull,
'Tis iron that maketh granaries full,
  That maketh furrow and field
    Their foison yield.

Time's solemn glass, where falls the sand,
Is held with iron loop and band;
  Till falleth his last grain
    These will remain.

When Eleanor our good Queen died,
With gilded bronze and marble pied
  They wrought the tomb for her
    At Westminster.

The gold will darken as years pass;
The colored stones will crack like glass;
  What then abideth for
    Queen Eleanor?

There will abide till crack of doom
The great iron lattice on her tomb,
  A glory even then
    In the eyes o' men.

Clink, hammer, clink and clang apace;
Be Dunstan's benison on this place!
  And, lest the flame sink low,
    Blow, bellows, blow!

IN contrast to the defiant mood of his poem we quoted last week is this also from *The Measure*.

FALL

By Mark Van Doren

Winter and Spring and Summer are this or that—
A white old man, a girl, a drowsing tree.
The Fall is a covered bridge that crosses the river
Down from my father's house. The foam and the rocks
Grow suddenly to a grey there, as the sky
Returns one day to roof the valley in.
The bridge's darkened mouth, so cool all summer,
Gathers descending leaves; already warm there,
The shadows settle to sleep, and a yellow cart,
Flickering through the leaf-shower down the highway,
Comes on with noiseless wheels and disappears.

THE pageant of the past years is thus rendered in the London *Spectator*.

THE DANCERS

By John Freeman

I dreamed a dream more stable than the gross
Pyramid crushing those slow desolate sands,
Yet swift as time it sank into the sands
Like a bright snake that slides into his hole
Startled by shaking footsteps yet far off.
  It was a dream of hoar and lonely hills
Snow-cloaked, and in their hollows hills of snow,
But in their lowest valleys melting hedges
Above the shaded snows. A garden crept
From a deserted house along the hedge,
Half snow, half a green ruin; but the rose,
The rose already bloomed above the snow,
Already mocked with her young lips the wan
And trembling lips of winter dying slowly
Upwards from foot to head, body to spirit.
  The day passed in a flash to night, the rose
Nursed her cold cheek in dreams of whispered spring,
And slept. Then the deserted house awoke;
Lights danced out through the casement on the snows,
And shadows danced with echoes; for within
Moved the bright shapes of dancers happy and proud,
And music danced with them and all was dancing—
Lights, shadows, music, echoes and dancers together.
Last a new music marshal'd other steps,
Every quick heart was fluttered and leapt, for now
Sword dances and the thrill of shrilling reeds
Admonished them of other thoughts than love.
For mid the dancers stept two new-come figures,
Bright Honor, armed and ruddy, Death unarmed,
Serene. And Honor laughed and caught the hand
Shining with steady gems of tranquil Death,
And leaned his head, murmuring a heedless jest,
Nor shivered at the lifting of those lids
From shallow azure eyes. Then Death too smiled
And danced; they danced together while the reeds
Shrilled slowlier, hushed, and muted, but these danced
Yet with the silence until darkness drew,
And all within was still, without was snow.

The night lay like a heavier snow of time,
While some of battles dreamed and stratagems,
Of ancient fading splendours some, and some
Masculine dreams of sere and sad delight.
All dreamed and waking wondered which was dream.
  And this that seemed more stable than the gross
Pyramid, stranger than the wrinkled Sphinx,
Sank in the sands like any mortal thing—
A life that burns its little life away,
A candle dying of its shining.

With a Copy of the Foregoing

With my quick hand I write this flickering verse
Like sullen woods flickering in crafty light;
With this familiar hand that's scored elm-like
By stealthy-creeping life, by love deep-sunk,
And death that characters over all; with this
Fond hand that shakes with the slow stumbling pulse
Till the pulse fail—like a child stumbling on
Along a rutted road and laughing towards
His father who will catch him when he falls.

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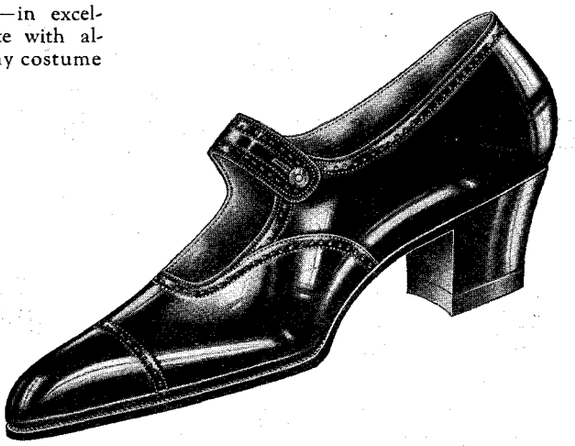

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But unfortunately, the purchase of lubricating oils is often left to someone in the office who says, "Let's save money on oils. Let's order from the lowest bidder." So, in go the cheap oils.

The plant owner congratulates himself. He thinks that he is saving money. Wrong! Bookkeeping misleads him. His cheap oils *appear on his books* as an *ascertainable* item of expense. His needless power losses, due to the use of cheap, incorrect oils, creep in *unitemized and unobserved.*

Power losses and power-loss prevention have been the specialized study of the Vacuum Oil Company for more than half a century.

Gargoyle Lubricating Oils, made exclusively by the Vacuum Oil Company, almost invariably will be found in plants where far-sighted economies prevail—plants where improved net profits are an annual habit. Many of these plants report fewer repairs and replacements. Others tell us of fewer shut-downs. Still others comment on a slower depreciation of their machinery.

Every one of these factors affects net profits.

To get the full economies of using high-grade Gargoyle Lubricating Oils, we suggest a Lubrication Audit of your plant. Details of this Vacuum Oil Company service in column at right.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils

A grade for each type of service

THE Lubrication Audit

EXPLAINED STEP BY STEP
(In Condensed Outline)

INSPECTION: A thoroughly experienced Vacuum Oil Company representative in co-operation with your plant engineer or superintendent makes a careful survey and record of your mechanical equipment and operating conditions.

RECOMMENDATIONS: We later specify, in a written report, the correct oil and correct application of the oil for the efficient and economical operation of each engine and machine.

This report is based on:—

(1) The inspection of the machines in your plant

(2) Your operating conditions.

(3) Our 57 years of lubricating experience with all types of mechanical equipment under all kinds of operating conditions throughout the world.

(4) Our outstanding experience in manufacturing oils for every lubricating need.

CHECKING: If, following our recommendations in this Audit, you install our oils, periodical calls will be made to see that the desired results are continued.

FOR THE ABOVE FREE SERVICE address our nearest branch office.

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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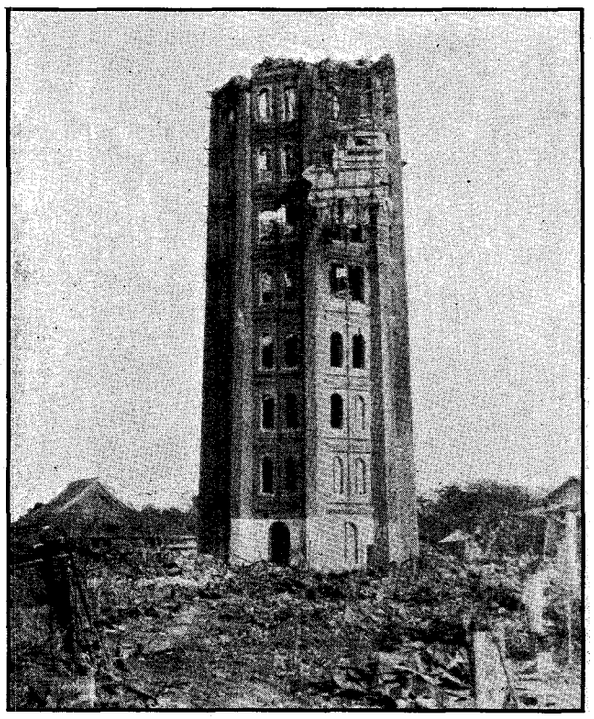
PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

THE EARTHQUAKE, SEEN THROUGH JAPANESE EYES

THE HUGE TWELVE-STORY TOWER in the Asakusa Amusement Park, in Tokyo, "made a bow like a living person one meets in the morning," and then crashed down "upon the hundreds of houses which hugged its skirt."



International Newsreel photographs

THE TOWER THAT BOWED AND FELL

This famous building in Tokyo's largest amusement park bowed forward "like a living person," says a Japanese eye-witness, just before five of its twelve stories crashed down upon the houses at its base.

In another part of the city, "shrill laughter" came from a group of factory girls who had been saved, by a miracle, from the fiery death that had recently killed more than a thousand of their companions; and it struck the observer who records the incident that there was "no power on earth that can conquer the mirth of youth." In still another section of Tokyo, a big sheet of white paper, stuck up near the front entrance of one of the wrecked buildings, bore an inscription in Japanese characters, reading:

"Within this building there are four hundred people. They failed to make their escape as the building fell. Deign to rescue them."

The wreckage marked by this curious appeal was the great Kaijo (marine insurance) building. Everything above the fourth floor had been smashed. It stood there, in the words of the refugee who records his impressions of that fearful day and night, "like a headless giant struck down in a heap."

But the inscription, even the cries for help from dying people, could not stop the crowds in the streets. The press was so great that probably few people could have turned aside, even if they had wished to. The throngs "were racing with imminent death," says an ex-police official of Osaka, Tsuji, by name, who was in the Japanese capital when the earthquake shattered it. His description tells the story of the Japanese earthquake, or at least of a small portion of it, as it appeared to Japanese citizens who were in the midst of this greatest catastrophe of history. Together with the personal narratives of other Japanese refugees, lately gathered and translated by Adachi Kinnosuke, the Japanese-American writer, for the New York *Tribune*, they form the first account from witnesses of the actual event.

The survivors tell their stories in the Japanese daily newspaper, *Asahi Shimbun*, of Osaka, and their narratives, as Mr. Adachi points out, are "not in the phrases of professional correspondents, but in the words of Japanese residents who saw their city in chaos." They tell what they saw and heard when buildings were falling with more deadly effect than when French villages were wiped out by German cannon: when the solid ground was moving, as if, in the words of one of them, "the earth was heaving a sigh." The account of ex-police officer Tsuji, one of the most vivid and impressive translated by Mr. Adachi, begins with Tsuji's experience in the street, into which he rushed at the first shock. His translated narrative runs:

With a thunder and crash that deafened all other noises, the tiles were cascading right into the middle of streets from the roofs on either side. Heavier things than roof tiles also were raining down. And everywhere were seen the supporting pillars of houses bending and snapping as tho the huge tree-trunks had turned into tender young bamboo sprouts overnight. The sight was terrifying enough to drive everything else out of one's mind. I do not know why or how, but I made my way into the wide place in front of the Tokyo station. I found it all filled to suffocation with people already—the people who had rushed out into the street like myself with the one idea of leaving behind every falling house and the eyeful of blood-chilling nightmares. Not only the plaza in front of the station, but that wide stretch of broad avenues and open spaces in front of the moated Central Palace were jammed with people.

Mothers were calling for their lost children. And the shrill

WHY SO MANY THOUSANDS WERE KILLED

This photograph plainly shows the massing of humanity. The crush was so terrific, shortly following the earthquake, that there were blocks in which no movement was possible through the streets, even when the fire swept down and killed the helpless citizens by thousands.

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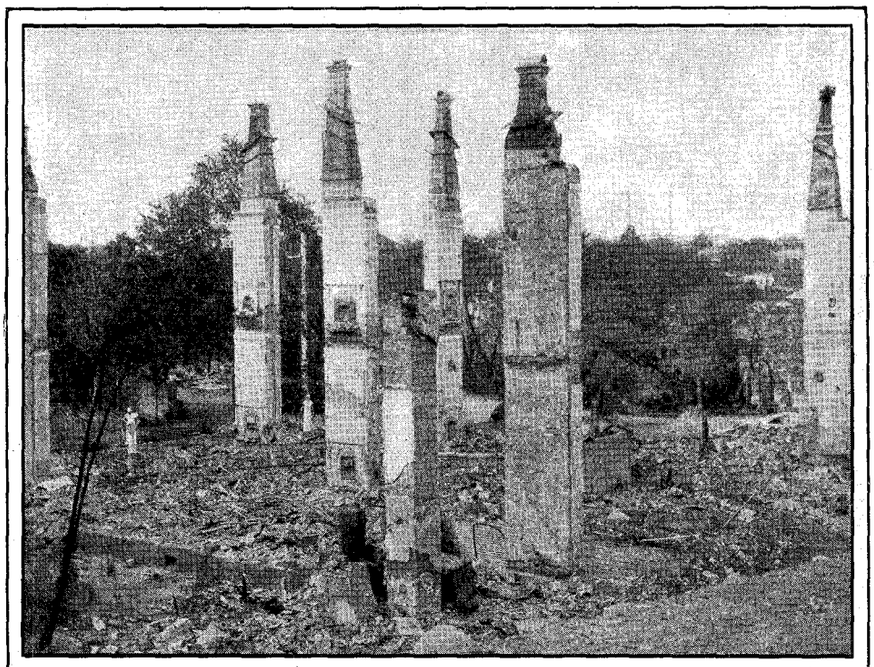
cries of wee ones for their mothers made men pause in spite of themselves in the midst of their frantic flight from death. It looked for all the world as tho the bottom of the city had been knocked out by a blow and the whole city was falling right into flaming perdition.

Here Tsuji tells the incident of the white paper with its appealing inscription on the front of the wrecked Marine Insurance building. Nothing shows more eloquently the grip of the catastrophe on the minds of the people of Tokyo, he says, than the fact that, apparently, no one heeded the appeal. He relates:

The broad avenue was so choked with crowds that we could not make our progress quickly. Long before I passed by the building, we felt another shock underneath our feet. The ground rose as tho the earth were heaving a sigh. There was a tremendous crash. And the Kaijo Building, with the white placard on its gateway, went down in a cloudy mass. Then there was another shock, and the broken pieces of the building shrieked and groaned as in terrific pain. And where were the 400 men and women trapt there? The very thought froze my blood.



WHERE THE AMERICAN EMBASSY BUILDING STOOD

Only the chimneys were left, after earthquake and fire had finished with the frame structure that housed the American representative in Tokyo.

Turning back, I saw that the rear portion of the famous Maruno-uchi building was damaged. I saw a lot of people carrying out the wounded.

From there on I made for Nipponbashi, and managed to escape in the direction of Momen Bridge. Every inch of the bridge was packed with people, and the approach to the bridge on both sides of it also. The refugees were so densely packed around there, that I found it impossible to move forward.

Looking up suddenly I saw huge chunks of fire come flying through the air, heaven only knows from what point. Even as I was looking at them they landed on the roofs of the houses, hemming in the bridge on either side. In no time tall flames shot up from the houses all about the bridge. The winds seemed to sweep in from every direction. There was a whirlpool of smoke and flame. It gathered hundreds of people on the bridge and near it in one huge embrace. The people could not run; they were so densely packed it was all they could do to wiggle. The fire which laid low the houses began to burn the bridge.

One who has seen the sight can never hope to forget it. Death I believe, may not be able to wipe my memory clean of the sight which burned itself on it. I shall not try to paint it in words, because I can't. At last the bridge burned down and fell into the stream below, with heaven knows how many charred mortals upon it. I only know that the blackened skeleton of the bridge was loaded with them.

As one crawling out of a nightmare I somehow managed to get out of that district. That night I found shelter in the open space of the Hibiya Park.

On the following morning I made my way out to Uyeno Park. All the way the streets were blocked with telegraph and telephone poles fallen across them from both sides, all tangled up in copper wires, like a monstrous heap of débris caught in a giant cobweb of some sort. The pavements of the streets were all torn to pieces, rising in mounds like a thousand blisters of the burned and blackened city.

The story of a Japanese member of the household of Prince Kuni, which is given the place of honor at the beginning of Mr. Adachi's translations of these narratives of Japanese eye-witnesses, contains account of the fall of the great tower in the Asakusa Amusement Park, mentioned in many of the cables. Beginning at the beginning, the narrative runs:

The first of September happened to be a holiday for me. And I was enjoying myself at the Tokiwa Theater, in Asakusa. I was enthralled by the magic art of the famous lady magician, Tenkatsu, and was dead to troubles and a troublous world. It was a little after 11:50 A.M., I think, that we felt an earth shock. The shock was severe. It was followed by another, and then another, severer than its predecessors. All of us dwellers of Tokyo are not strangers to earth shocks; we greet them with a smile of recognition usually. But this time the grin did not stay about our faces very long.

I rushed out of the theater with the rest of the people. And as I stept out of it the earth seemed to heave under our feet. I looked up, for some reason —trying to read a message of some magic sort in the skies, I presume. And I saw something—not a message from the gods, but the famous Junikai Tower of the Asakusa Amusement Park.

It was dead ahead of me, that twelve-story tower, and it was no longer a thing of stiff dead brick and timber. It was making a bow like a living person one meets of a morning. It was bending from its waist at about the sixth story. And it was bowing swiftly. It was no longer silent and dumb. For it seemed to find just then a voice. It began like a howl of a tempest and ended in blood-curdling thunder—the sound which I shall never be able to forget as long as I live. And right in front of us it came down, the whole upper structure of it, in a sort of a triple bow. It seemed to me as if the tower folded itself up three times before it crashed down upon hundreds of houses which hugged its skirt.

The small buildings which surrounded it went without the least protest, showing that it is only silly humans who waste precious voices in ill-natured protests against the gods, when they might use them to so much better advantage in laughing at their own follies. Then immediately, piercing the din and dust of the smash, shot up many geysers of flame.

For a time I saw too many things all at once, so that I saw nothing. I only recall that my one thought at the time was to make my way back to the palace of my Prince. It evidently was that idea which drove me through choking chaos on all sides, out into the open space of the Asakusa Park. And out there I saw a sight indeed. Water-mains were all broken up. The electric-cars all dead on the tracks or thrown off them. I turned to the east and then to the west. From eight directions the fire came marching on. The yonder side of Shinobazu Pond was a billowing sea of flames, and the waters of the pond were blood-red with the reflection.

The picture was so savage that it made me shudder in spite of the scorching heat. There was not a fire brigade in sight. It was likely that the firemen were fighting for their own blessed lives at the time. Even as I looked the tremendous tidal wave of flame swept on over Suda-cho and over Jinbo-cho. With the water-mains gone there was no means to fight the frightful onrush. Without manners, without ceremony, the fire leaped all over the city in every conceivable direction.

I somehow managed to make my way to a hill-top in Uyeno and saw from there buildings of the Imperial University burst into towering flames. It was from there also that I saw the Nicoli Cathedral of the Russian Church catch fire and burn down in an incredibly short time.

The city in the direction of Nippon Bridge and all about Asakusa was completely wrapt in smoke and fire by now. I tried

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Kanda Bridge, but it was all broken up by the earth shock, and it was impossible to cross it. Therefore I took a long detour. As I was making a roundabout way the metropolitan police building and that of the Department of Home Affairs began to burn. I saw two steam-pumps out at this point, but they seemed utterly powerless to do anything to fight the fire, as their water supply was gone.

I ran into the men of the First Division of the Army. They were fighting fire and death. They were meeting an enemy infinitely bigger than any human army. It was at appalling odds they were fighting. But when a thing gets to such an extreme point as that, mere human soldiers evidently forget that they are of the mortal flesh. At least that is the way they were fighting. It was a great sight. It made me forget for a moment the fearful predicament I was in.

I passed through the Sakurada Gate, on the outer moat of the Central Palace. The fire had not reached the section. But the roofs of the buildings were showering tiles on the passers-by. The walls were falling at every side. I managed to puzzle my way out along the moat, through Nagatocho, in the direction of Akasaka-metsuke. There were no streets, merely confused whirlpools of men and women struggling through a downpour of

THE SHATTERED RETAIL DISTRICT OF THE JAPANESE CAPITAL

The street on the right is known as the Ginza, the "street of silver," so-called because of the amount of money that changes hands in the shops. The steel and concrete buildings still standing were, in several cases, specially braced to withstand the earthquake shocks.

débris. And the dust and the flying tiles and the ever-increasing obstructions seemed to be even more panic-stricken than mere homeless tides of humans rushing pell-mell into nowhere whatever.

It was actually 9 o'clock at night when I found myself in the compound of my Prince's palace. And I had been struggling on ever since noon that day to cover the distance. Just how many miles I walked I do not know.

At the Prince's palace I found commotion that is not usual. According to a report of the hour, the whole cities of Yokohama and Yokosuka were in flames—a great section of them was in ashes. Not only that, rumor had it that fully half of those cities had disappeared completely under the sea and out of sight.

By the time I reached the palace compound practically the whole of the city of Tokyo to the north was wrapt in savage fire. And everywhere the air was filled with flaming missiles and flying tiles of falling buildings. Only in the direction of Shiba and Aoyama there was as yet no sign of fire. But there as elsewhere a vast number of houses were down. Tall structures and imposing mansions were not spared, and they were all mixed up with humbler buildings in dust and humiliation everywhere.

The next thing I heard was a rumor that Premier Yamamoto was assassinated by Korean cutthroats, but in all the confusion of the fire there was no way to verify it. There was another rumor that a banded gang of Korean outlaws was setting fire to the powder magazines at Akabane and other points. All these naturally added to the unrest of the people as they were fighting their way out into the open country.

There also was a report that the Prince Regent was safe and sound, and that at about 3 o'clock the Prince, with his officers, escaped from the city in five automobiles, but I failed to hear just what the destination was.

My one idea was to report the great cataclysm to the Prince (Prince Kuni, who was spending the summer at a hot spring in Echigo) as quickly as humanly possible. So two of us got on an auto and rushed out through Aoyama to Yodobashi, and then out upon the Omiya highway.

A correspondent of the paper which publishes the stories reached the wreck of the great Fuji spinning-factory, in the section of the country where the shock was reported to be most violent, shortly after fire and earthquake had done their worst. He writes:

I made it on foot, of course, and visited the section north of Saruga station, on the main line of the Tokaido Railway. That is the section where the shock was felt in the most violent manner. That is where the great factory of the Fuji Spinning Company stood. There were five large factory buildings, all of brick. More than 1,800 factory girls and some 800 male operatives were employed at the time of the shock. On September 1 about 60 per cent. of the force were in the factory buildings at noon when the thing happened.

The first shake-up made the tiles on the roofs of the building dance and fly, and they came down in a shower all about. One of the foremen shouted: "Danger! Mustn't go out of the factory buildings!"

That command stopt the rush into the open. The girls obeyed the command instantly, like a perfect machine. A second more, and shocks severer than the first, following one after the other, brought down the roofs on them. The brick walls of the buildings collapsed from four sides. They were trapt and crusht under a thousand tons of débris.

Factories Nos. 3 and 4 caught fire. The scrambling of electric wires was the cause of it. Soon the fire extended itself to factory No. 2. Nos. 1 and 5 factory buildings did not go completely, but one-third of them were wrecked. Dormitories, dining-hall, kitchen and hospital all went. At the time of my visit there men were digging out the remains of the buried girls under the wreck. The First Regiment of Field Artillery was out maneuvering at the time not far from the factory. The moment they realized what happened to the working-girls of the factory, the soldiers rushed to their aid.

As I approached the wrecked factory a singular sight greeted me. There were many sections of huge iron pipe left on the ground about the factory site. Evidently they were meant for future construction of water-mains. They were many feet in diameter. In fact, small girls could almost stand inside of them. And the girl workers who rushed out of their dormitories took possession of these iron-pipe sections and were already keeping house in them. Most of those who were sheltered within the pipes were wounded and were being treated by the first-aid nurses. The girl workers who had come from a neighboring town of Gotemba and near about were streaming out upon the Hakone highway in company of their parents on their way home, rejoicing. Indeed, it was a great miracle that had saved them from a fiery death.

The mothers of the girls were much more tearful and excited than the girls themselves who had just escaped. It was an endless dragon procession down the highway. Shrill laughter from some of the girls broke the silence of the countryside. It imprest me profoundly. It struck me that there is no power on earth that can conquer the mirth of youth—death in its most appalling form seemed to have been powerless to annihilate it even for a few brief days. But the officers of the factory seemed upset. I asked them many questions. They opened their mouths and made some sort of noise. But there seemed to be very little of sense in them.

Another correspondent of the paper reached Tokyo at 10 o'clock on the night of the catastrophe. The first shock had taken place about noon, and fire had been at work upon the capital for some ten hours. All night long, in an automobile, he reports,

I drove about a living hell on this earth, through smoke, fire, death and devastation, and remained in the capital until

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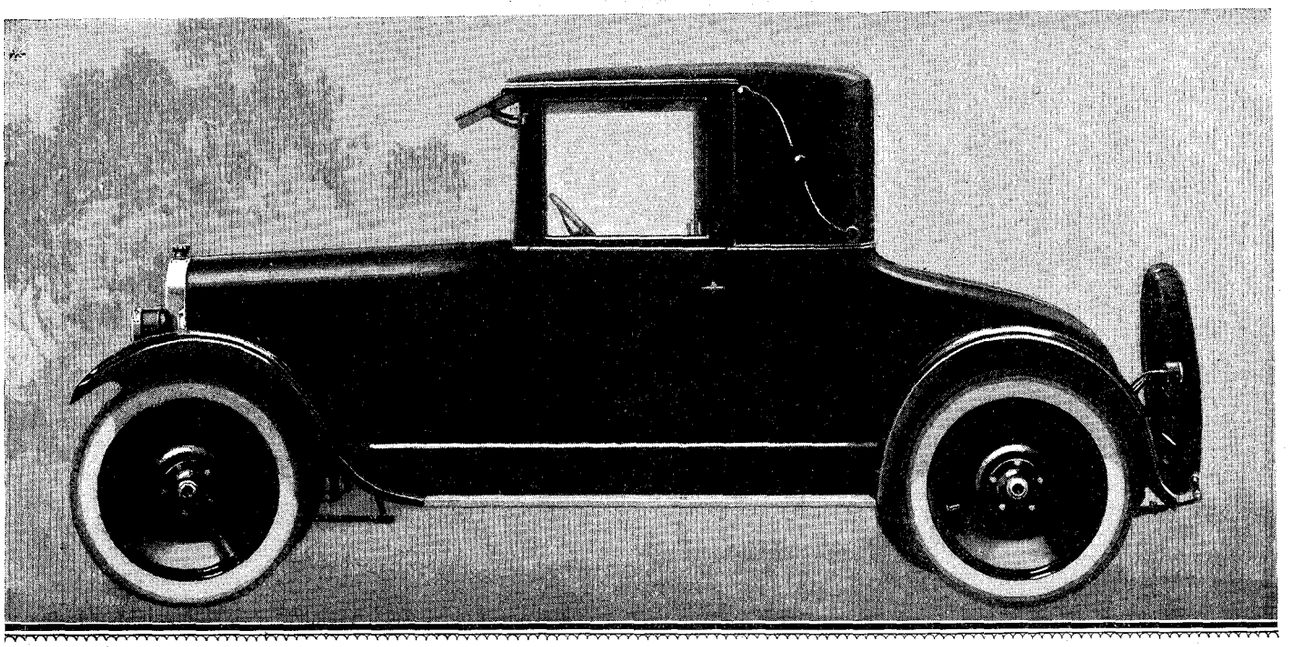

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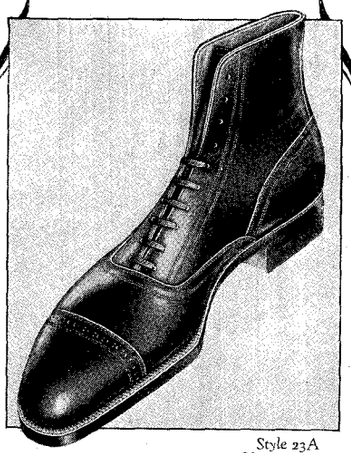

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If there is no Hanover Store near you, we will fit you from Hanover.
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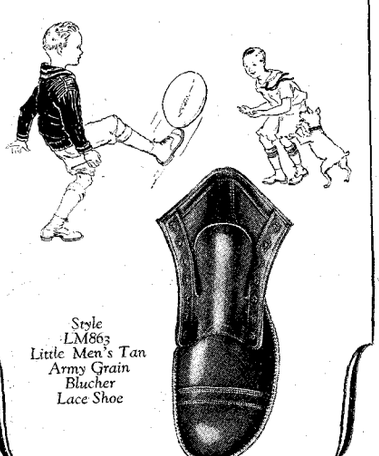

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

4 o'clock in the afternoon of September 2. And I came back to Takasaki, and reached it at 8 P.M. of the same day.

Ginza, Maruno-uchi, Kanda, Asakusa—all the pride-spots of the city—in fact, the entire section covering some eleven wards and portions of Yotsuya and Ushigome besides had turned into a burned-out wilderness overnight. Flames, savage and untamed, swept over the lifeless bodies of old and young. And they were countless and scattered over all the places I drove about. Throughout the Maruno-uchi and Akasaka sections I saw countless men and women, all of higher classes, out in their yukata (Japanese editions of bathrobes of blue and white cotton). Women of the upper classes were fleeing in the direction of Aoyama—daughters helping mothers and older ladies of the family, all linked arm in arm, as tho their one thought was to be together in life and in death. Working their way laboriously through this eternal stream of refugees were heavily laden hospital corps with the wounded on their backs or on litters.

I must have met many thousands of these blood-stained burdens on their way out to some place of safety, where first aid could be ministered to them. As I passed along the many canals I saw thousands of people who had leaped into them as fiery tornadoes swept the city. Most of those people presented an awful appearance. They had saved their bodies, which were under water, but they could not manage to save their heads.

People who had made good their escape from the earth shocks and from the sea of flames which swept the city had to fight for their lives in quite another way. I saw thousands of unfortunates standing in line waiting their turn for a cup of water. From the way they looked and acted it was evident that they had not had a drop for ten hours. The police and Army men were distributing the Army bread at places. Women of the nobility and their daughters, reared in silk and on the lap of luxury, were fighting their way in the dense crowd to get at one of these Army loaves. Had I not seen the sight with my own eyes I could never believe such things possible.

In the open spaces at Uyeno, Aoyama, Sugamo and in the middle of streets people were sleeping on mats and torn-off weather-doors which they had dragged out of their ruined homes. They were too afraid to sleep under roofs, even if houses happened to be standing. And the houses which stood were rare indeed.

Municipal authorities, with the cooperation of the metropolitan police, prohibited the sale of all essential commodities such as rice and timber and all foodstuffs. They took the measure to prevent profiteering in the hour of need. At the same time I saw at hundreds of places earthen stoves constructed for cooking rice in the open for general free distribution among the starving citizens.

In the afternoon of September 2, as I was leaving the city, I saw a large number of auto-trucks and various forms of carts rushing into the city from all the neighboring prefectures of Gumma, Saitama, Tochiki and Ibaraki, laden with rice and other necessaries of life. And these carts were in the care of the police, firemen, and Young Men's Association volunteers.

As the magnitude of the cataclysm began to dawn on the authorities, early in the afternoon of September 1, they placed the city under martial law. The Imperial Guards and the men of the First Division were called out to keep the city in order and guard the lives and property from disorderly gangs and ghouls. On September 2 they ordered the aviation corps stationed at Tokorozawa to fly over the city constantly on reconnoitering missions.

On my way out of the city I met a large number of men who had been spending their summer away from Tokyo at various resorts, such as Nikko, Karuizawa, and so on. They were rushing back to learn the fate of their loved ones whom they had left in the city. But it is certain they are rushing into the fire. They would be utterly unable to do anything to help them in the city.

The Japanese residents are clinging to the ruins of their city, later dispatches report, in somewhat the same way in which the inhabitants of Belgium and the north of France clung to their ruined villages. One observer describes them as being, even some days after the catastrophe, "in a sort of dazed state and looking as tho they were waiting for something, but what they did not know." The Japanese Army, in the meantime, has been at work, with a thoroughness and efficiency which inspire a cablegram of appreciation from the director of the American Red Cross Relief Work in Japan to *The Army and Navy Registrar*, of Washington.

There is some anxiety now, says *The Japan Weekly Chronicle*, of Kobe, lest some people, "get too rich out of the earthquake." For, along with the suffering, there have been practical-minded Japanese ready to take advantage of the situation. For the time being, goes on the editor of *The Chronicle:*

We hear chiefly of ships being "rushed" to Japan with food, most of it unsuitable for Japanese consumption. Anybody would think that an earthquake produced immediate and raging hunger. Astute Japanese in London did not think first of food, but began placing large orders for metals, and were surprized when they found that the orders were not jumped at.

Where special steps have been taken to prevent Japanese speculators profiteering, we may be sure that there is an even greater and no less commendable desire to prevent foreign speculators from making their fortunes out of the earthquake, and the rush of offers to help, especially from America and Britain, while evoking due gratitude, is also regarded in its aspect as a bid for business. The Government has practically decided upon the reconstruction of Tokyo more or less on the lines advocated by Dr. Beard, and the first need for this purpose is a big loan. With her large specie reserve and her excellent credit, not to speak of the ample funds still remaining in Japan out of her war profits, it would be possible to raise a very big loan in Japan. Of late, however, it has been found that the rate of interest required by the Japanese investor is so high that it is more profitable to raise money abroad. A further advantage might accrue to the raising of money abroad in the arrangements that could be made for taking the loan in kind. Where production is so ample as in America and England, and so apt to overstock its markets, a loan to be taken out in construction materials might be arranged on such terms that Japan would get more for her money than if she paid in previously borrowed cash.

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When we say that no American motor car, regardless of price, excels the new Peerless Eight in performance, dependability, beauty and comfort, we ask you to accept the strictly literal meaning of our words.

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Its dependability is dwelt upon, again and again in the letters which our owners constantly write to us.

No car, we believe, can show a finer record than Peerless in this regard.

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THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Having driven my old Peerless over 50,000 miles without ever having the engine overhauled, I very naturally had a warm spot in my heart for the name Peerless. But this model is so far superior to the old there is no comparison.

Mrs. Armstrong and I agree that we have never ridden in or driven anything to equal it, regardless of price, and we have tried all of the better class of cars.

H. W. Armstrong,
President, Reed, Murdoch & Co.
Chicago

New Prices

$2690 to $4090, f.o.b. Cleveland, dependent on the style of body you select. The Peerless line of bodies includes touring cars, coupes, sedans and limousines.

NO AMERICAN MOTOR CAR, REGARDLESS OF PRICE, EXCELS THE NEW PEERLESS EIGHT IN PERFORMANCE, DEPENDABILITY, BEAUTY AND COMFORT

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HERE is HATCHWAY: the union suit built on the buttonless idea. Knit to fit so perfectly, with such body freedom and comfort that buttons with their endless bother and repair expense are eliminated completely. Your wife can cross your underwear off her sewing list, for good and all.

You get into and out of the

HATCHWAY UNION SUIT

in no time—left leg, right leg, left arm, right arm. That's all there is to it, except warmth and comfort all day long.

HATCHWAY is made in a complete line of medium and heavy weight suits in cotton, worsted, wool and mercerized fabrics to suit every taste and purse. On sale at most good dealers. If you have any difficulty in getting just the style you want, we shall be glad to see that you are supplied, delivery free anywhere in the United States. In ordering please state size and enclose remittance to our mill at Albany. A beautiful catalogue illustrating the complete line of HATCHWAY UNION SUITS in both winter and summer weights sent free on request.

Men's suits
$2.00; $2.50; $3.00; $4.00; $5.00; $6.00.

Boys' suits
Ages 6 to 16 only—$1.50; $2.00.

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WHEN THE BEHEMOTH SAVED BARNUM

P. T. BARNUM, who lives in the hearts of his countrymen in his memorable remark that "the American people love to be humbugged," once went badly broke. In fact, as related by his recent biographer, M. R. Werner, in a volume entitled, "Barnum" (Harcourt, Brace & Company), that throws a colorful and kindly light on one of the greatest of American showmen, Mr. Barnum was once in a perfect financial Slough of Despond, and might have remained there indefinitely, but for the assistance of a couple of whales and a hippopotamus, which pulled him out. The hippopotamus was a particularly happy idea. Mr. Barnum advertised him as "The Great Behemoth of the Scriptures," put him in a tank in the basement of his old Museum, and soon had people coming in droves to see him. Our showman, in his astute way, created a big controversy about the beast by getting some scientists to testify that the real Biblical Behemoth, unique and genuine, might be seen in his Museum, while several theologians, relying on the famous description in the Book of Job, exprest their doubts. The animal was visited, says Mr. Werner, "by clergymen, naturalists, theological students and devotees of the Bible, as well as by common people, whose curiosity was aroused by the controversy created by the theologists and scientists." Barnum's advertisements were a great factor in the popularity of the animal. The following example, says his biographer, "will serve to show his style of sonorous statement and ecstatic hyperbole, which later developed into the roaring phrases of the press agent":

SECOND WEEK OF THAT WONDERFUL
LIVING HIPPOPOTAMUS,
FROM THE RIVER NILE IN EGYPT,
THE GREAT BEHEMOTH OF THE SCRIPTURES,
AND THE MARVEL OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

The history of this animal is full of interest, and to every class, especially the educated and intelligent, but above all to the Biblical student, who has read with interest the glowing description of

THE GREAT BEHEMOTH

in the Book of Job. He is strictly an

AMPHIBIOUS ANIMAL,

living in the water and out of it; under the water, or on the top of it; floats on its surface with perfect ease, or beneath the surface, midway between the top and the bottom. In their natural state these animals are wild and ferocious; though on the land, they are not very formidable, but when pursued they fly to the rivers,

DESCEND TO THE BOTTOM AND WALK ACROSS

frequently appearing on the opposite side without the least indication of their course on the surface of the stream. If exasperated by assaults in the water, they are the most

FRIGHTFUL ANTAGONISTS,

their gigantic proportions and herculean strength giving them power over every opposing force, frequently destroying whole boatloads of men and their boats, crushing with their huge jaws everything that comes in their way.

In the Museum the specimen here exhibited has an

ARTIFICIAL OCEAN OR RIVER,

where he is to be seen in all his natural peculiarities, floating on, and swimming beneath the surface, walking on the bottom several feet beneath, exhibiting in short all the peculiarities of his nature; and to perfect the scene a native

ARABIAN KEEPER, SALAAMA,

who is himself a curiosity as a specimen of that historic tribe of men, who exhibits all the stolidity and Arabian dignity of that Oriental race; the only man who can control or exhibit his Hippopotamiship, is in constant attendance. They are both to be seen at all hours, DAY and EVENING.

FIRST AND ONLY REAL HIPPOPOTAMUS

ever seen in America. He is engaged at a cost of many thousands of dollars and will remain

A SHORT TIME ONLY.
A SHORT TIME ONLY.

Barnum's description of his hippopotamus and his description of the Behemoth in the Book of Job, as several wiseacres pointed out, do not tally exactly. The biographer remarks that "a comparison of the two leaves the impression that the author of the Book of Job was a better press agent." This ancient press agent's description runs:

Behold now behemoth, which I made with thee; he eateth grass as an ox.

Lo now, his strength is in his loins, and his force is in the navel of his belly.

He moveth his tail like a cedar; the sinews of his stones are wrapt together.

His bones are as strong pieces of brass; his bones are like bars of iron.

He is the chief of the ways of God: he that made him can make his sword to approach unto him.

Surely the mountains bring forth food, where all the beasts of the field play.

He lieth under the shady trees, in the covert of reed and fens.

The shady trees cover him with their shadow; the willows of the brook compass him about.

Behold, he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not: he trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth.

He taketh it with his eyes: his nose pierceth through snares.

JOB XL, 15–24.

It was Barnum's contention, writes his biographer, that more people are humbugged by believing too little, than by believing too much. "Many persons," wrote the showman on one occasion, "have such a horror of being taken in, or such an elevated opinion of their own acuteness, that they believe everything to be a sham, and in this way are continually humbugging themselves." As an illustration, says Mr. Werner:

He gave the instance of a Yankee lady who visited the Museum to see his whales. Barnum knew her personally, and after she had watched the whales she called at Barnum's office. "Mr. B., it's astonishing to what a number of purposes the ingenuity

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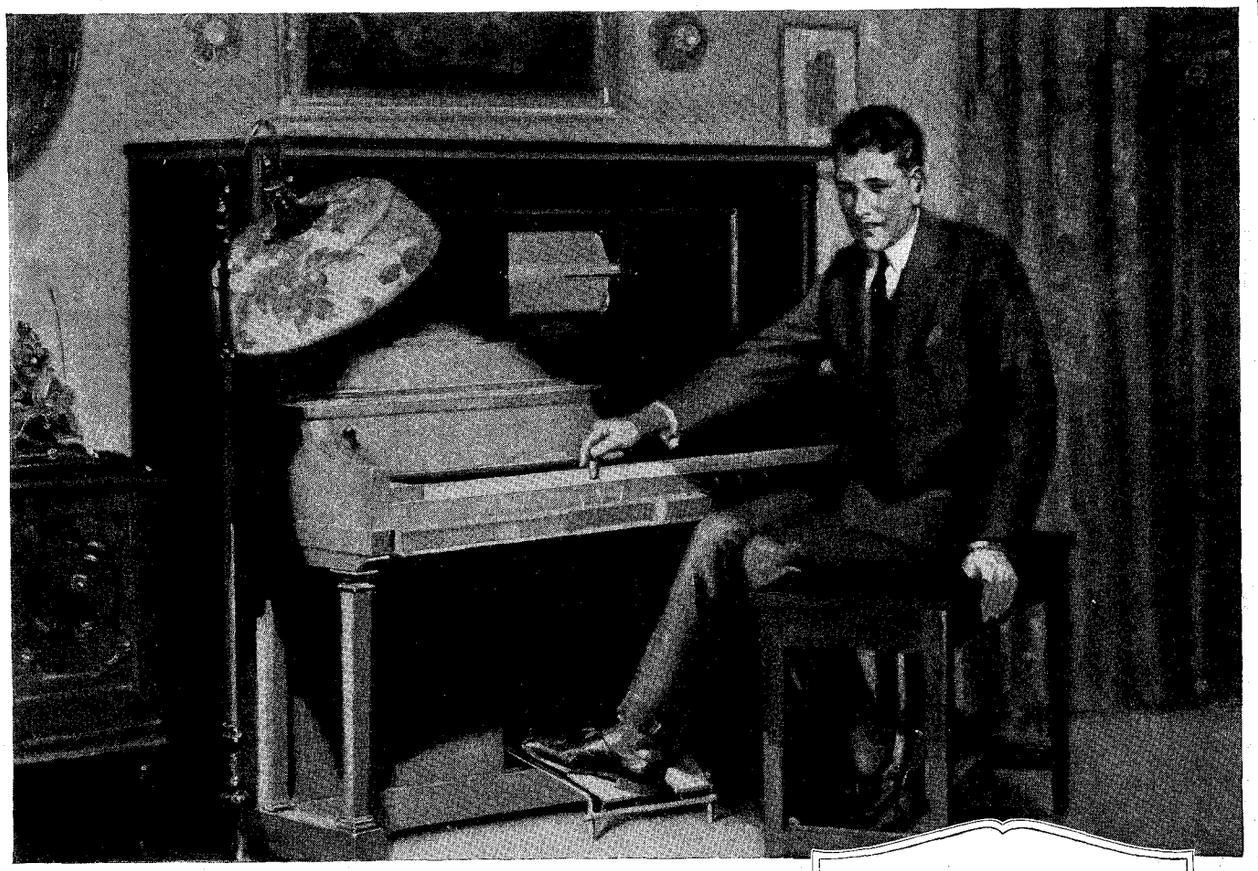

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Pressed down, not *knocked* down. There's one of the secrets of Gulbransen superiority. It removes all suggestion of the mechanical and gives you real, intimate, personally-produced music, full of genuine expression.

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You'll be a Gulbransen "fan"—you'll be enthusiastic, entertaining, and —mark this statement, proved by the experience of thousands of folks who have Gulbransens—*you and your family will get more pleasure out of your Gulbransen than anything you now possess.*

To play correctly: four splendid Instruction Rolls furnished without extra cost

GULBRANSEN-DICKINSON COMPANY, *Chicago*

Canadian Distributors:
Mutual Sales Service, Limited
79 Wellington Street West, Toronto

Every piano should be tuned at least twice a year, especially the Gulbransen, because it is used more.

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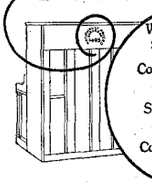
Branded in the Back



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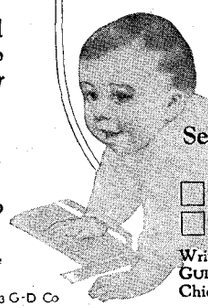

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"Easy to Play"

Send This Baby for a Baby

CHECK COUPON

☐ Check here if you do *not* own a piano.
☐ Check here if interested in having player action installed in your piano.

Write name and address in margin. Mail to GULBRANSEN-DICKINSON COMPANY, 3230 W. Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

(Pronounced Gul-BRAN-sen)

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The *Registering* Piano

Registers YOUR TOUCH • *Registers* YOUR TIME • *Registers* YOUR EXPRESSION • *Registers* YOUR INDIVIDUALITY

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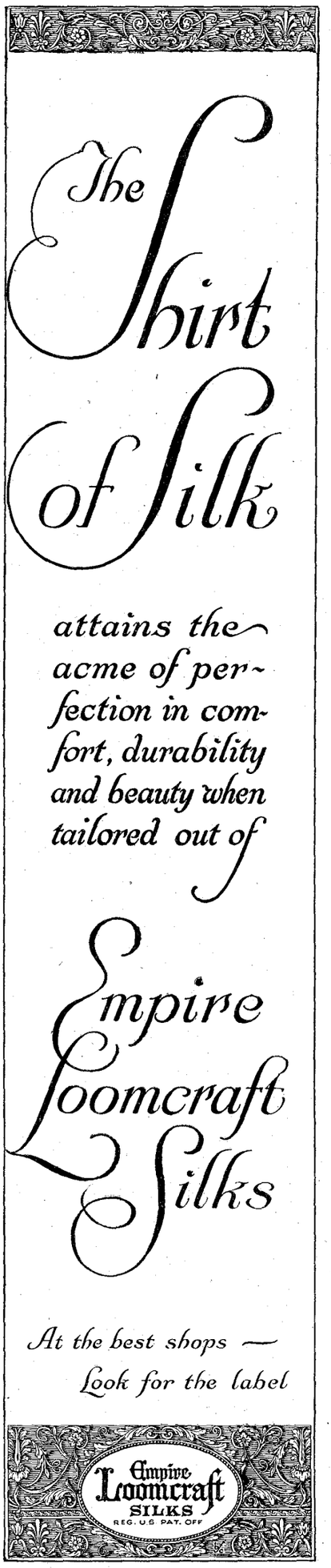
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At the best shops —
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

of us Yankees has applied India-rubber," she said. The whales, in her opinion, were constructed by Barnum of India-rubber and compelled to rise to the surface at regular intervals by means of a bellows puffing air into their bodies. Barnum realized that it would be useless to argue against such an ingenious conviction, and he therefore begged his friend to keep the secret to herself, assuring her that she had been the only person acute enough to discover it. Whenever he met the lady in later years, she assured him that she never had revealed his secret, and never would so long as she lived.

But the fact was the whales were perfectly good whales, and they helped Mr. Barnum to recoup his financial losses to a very notable degree. In 1861, as Mr. Werner tells the story:

Barnum learned that fishermen had caught a white whale at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, and he hurried to Canada to arrange for the capture alive of a pair of white whales for his Museum. Barnum witnessed the capture and arranged for the transportation of his whales, and then he started back to New York. On the way he informed telegraph operators that they might take from the wire any news about whales addrest to P. T. Barnum and give it out to their townspeople. The result was a triumphal procession seven hundred miles long, with plenty of attendant publicity, when the white whales started on their journey. People gathered at all the railroad stations to catch a glimpse of the white whales in their long boxes, filled with seaweed and salt water. Before he left Quebec, Barnum wrote accounts of the capture and shipment of the whales for the Quebec and Montreal newspapers, and these were copied in other papers. Dispatches telling the progress of the trip were posted on bulletin boards outside the Museum in New York, and the excitement in the city was great. When the whales were finally deposited in their tank, built specially for their reception in the basement of the Museum, thousands rushed to see them.

But neither Barnum nor any of his assistants knew the daily diet of a whale, and they had neglected to provide salt water in the tanks. The Museum cellar was badly ventilated, and all these factors caused the sudden death of the notorious animals. A *Tribune* editorial exprest the mock hope, "May both whales meet again in the open seas of immortality." Barnum was not discouraged by this unforeseen catastrophe, and the publicity he had aroused was too valuable to waste. He ordered pipes laid between the Museum and New York Bay so that sea water could be pumped into the new tank he ordered for the second floor, where new whales could get plenty of fresh air. This tank, according to Barnum's own estimates, was twenty-four feet square and lined with slate and French plate glass at a cost of $4,000. Two whales were soon on their way to New York, and soon they died. Barnum ordered two more. The public was now excited, and the necessary controversy was created by the statement in some of the newspapers that Barnum's whales were mere porpoises. Professor Agassiz, of Harvard, visited the animals and gave Barnum a certificate that they were genuine white whales. The publication of this authoritative statement silenced all comment by amateur newspaper naturalists.

Barnum advertised his whales in screaming captions daily. The following is a sample:

After months of unwearied labor, and spending

NEARLY TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS
NEARLY TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS
NEARLY TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS

in capturing and transporting them from that part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence nearest Labrador, the Manager is enabled to offer his visitors

TWO LIVING WHALES,
TWO LIVING WHALES,
TWO LIVING WHALES,
TWO LIVING WHALES,
TWO LIVING WHALES,
TWO LIVING WHALES,

a male and a female. Everybody has heard of WHALES

IN NURSERY TALES AND "SAILOR'S YARNS,"
IN NURSERY TALES AND "SAILOR'S YARNS,"

everybody has read WHALES in story, song and history, and everybody

WANTS TO SEE A WHALE,
WANTS TO SEE A WHALE,
WANTS TO SEE A WHALE,
WANTS TO SEE A WHALE,

and now they have the opportunity. Barnum has

CAPTURED TWO OF THE LEVIATHANS,
CAPTURED TWO OF THE LEVIATHANS,
CAPTURED TWO OF THE LEVIATHANS,

has built a small ocean in his Museum, filled it from the briny deep, and there

THE TWO LIVING WHALES,
THE TWO LIVING WHALES,
THE TWO LIVING WHALES,
THE TWO LIVING WHALES,

measuring respectively fifteen and twenty feet in length, may be seen at all hours sporting in their native element. Who will miss the opportunity of seeing them? Another may not offer in a lifetime. Embrace this ere it be too late.

MR. HUGHES WASN'T PUSHED—Rupert Hughes, the novelist and moving-picture writer, was not pushed from a room by Lord Dunsany, the dramatist and lecturer. Mr. Hughes is sure of this, and desires that it be known, even if it deprives the country in general of a much-appreciated scandal—in literary circles. J. B. Pond, manager of a lecture bureau, told the story, with humorous details, J. R. Milne, of the Boston *Globe*, wrote it up for his paper, and THE DIGEST quoted it. In all of this circulation, there were "several painful inaccuracies," writes Mr. Hughes. For, as he goes on to explain:

According to the story, I was asked to introduce Lord Dunsany at a banquet; but when I asked for an introduction to him and tried to speak to him, he pushed me from the room, thinking me a newspaper man. I then made a speech saying I "did not know a darned thing about Dunsany," but the audience did. Then instead of speaking, Dunsany decided to read, and kept his

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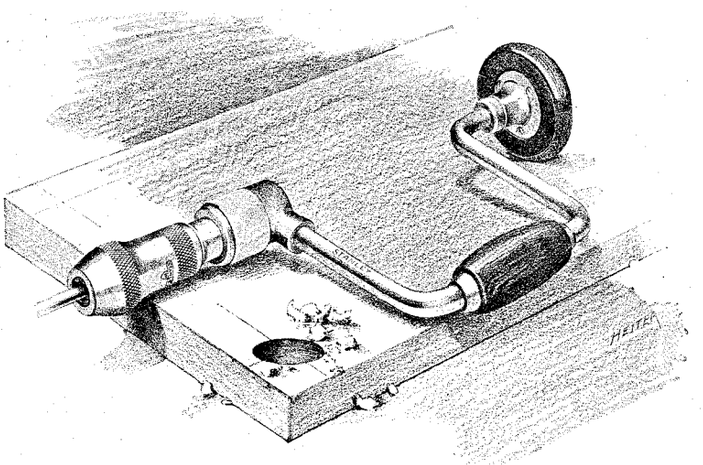
Balanced qualities–

The quality of material used in Stanley tools and hardware has always balanced their superior design. This accounts for the preference of carpenters and woodworkers for products that bear the name Stanley.



For example, the Stanley Bit Brace, well known to workers in wood, has found equal favor with those who use tools around the home.

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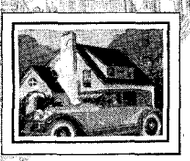
ST. LOUIS



St. Louis is a good city to live in work in and play in

THE industrial importance of St. Louis is founded upon the happiness of its workmen and residents in general. In its great commercial development, St. Louis has not neglected its home comforts and healthful living conditions. It is a city of beautiful homes, good schools and a real community spirit. It has the largest municipally-owned outdoor theater in the world, its municipal opera, its Fashion Show spectacle, its Symphony Orchestra and similar diversions.

Inspired by the same aggressive spirit and foresightedness which has made St. Louis the great hustling metropolis of the Middle West, the voters recently approved a bond issue of $87,372,500 for general municipal improvements. St. Louis is building for the future as well as the present.

Industrial Progress

You are using St. Louis products — no matter where you live — in your home, your wearing apparel, your business and your travels. One out of every five persons walks in St. Louis shoes. Your ills are relieved by St. Louis drugs. St. Louis ranges cook the country's food. St. Louis stoves heat the world. The world's sugar is produced with St. Louis sugar-mill machinery. When the country goes traveling it uses St. Louis trunks and handbags.

St. Louis' thousands of factories, mills and foundries manufacture commodities for almost every civilized nation. Twenty-six railroads and the Mississippi River carry their products to the world's markets.

Send for one or both of these free illustrated booklets, "Industrial St. Louis" or "St. Louis — The Home City."

ST. LOUIS CHAMBER of COMMERCE

St. Louis, U.S.A.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

hand in a pitcher of ice-water throughout the affair.

In the first place, I don't like to have it get about that people can push me out of rooms. In the second place, Lord Dunsany made no such attempt. In the third place, I did not ask to be introduced. I had met him before, and knew his works well. I did, indeed, ask Mr. Pond to ask Lord Dunsany what he wanted me to say in presenting him to the audience.

Furthermore, it was not a banquet, but a reading from his works at the Waldorf, with the audience in chairs, and a table and chair on the platform. I waited outside while Mr. Pond went into the room where I could see Lord Dunsany pacing the floor and trying to concentrate his thoughts. Dunsany said he couldn't be disturbed. I sympathized with him, since I know all too well the agony that comes upon a speaker just before a speech. It is something like what I imagine travail to be; and there is always the dread, often too well justified, of a failure.

A little later Dunsany came out, heartily apologized for his absent-mindedness and begged me to help him out of a dilemma. He said he had been criticized by several audiences as discourteous for sitting down while he read, but that he was too tall for the reading lamp if he stood up, and too nervous to stay on his feet.

I advised him simply to say to the audience: "I hope you will not take it as a discourtesy if I sit down while I read." I offered to make his apologies myself. He thanked me cordially and said that he would ask permission to sit; and he did.

As for my speech, I shall not complain of the beautiful things Mr. Pond is quoted as saying about it, or take space to quote from my memory of it. I followed my usual endeavor in such cases and succeeded in being brief, frivolous, irrelevant and altogether unimportant.

The only important thing is that in a periodical of such infamously large circulation as yours, you state that I was pushed from a room. And I never allow a man, even a British lord, to push me from a room. When he is as much bigger than I am as Lord Dunsany is, I go quietly. Or better yet, as in this case, I send some one else in ahead to test the atmosphere.

A Gotham Point of View.—An elderly lady, from a nice, quiet, old-fashioned New England city that has not materially changed its habits in half a century, is visiting a married daughter in New York.

"It is the subways that confuse me here," said the visitor, telling of her experience in Gotham.

"But you have them at home," remarked the neighbor, a typical New Yorker.

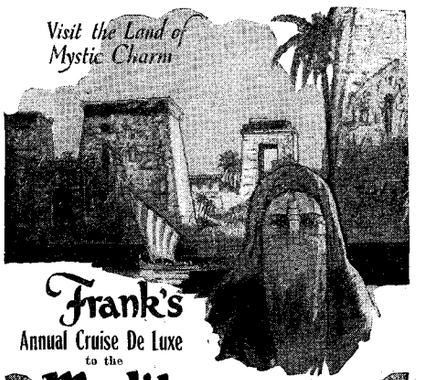
"No," was the reply. "We have a few taxicabs that meet the trains, but no subways."

"You astonish me!" said the Manhattanite, adding: "Why, I thought every city had subways!"—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Significant Omission.

He tried to cross the railroad track
Before a rushing train;
They put the pieces in a sack,
But couldn't find the brain.

—*Sarasota Times.*



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Limited to 450 Guests (About Half Capacity)
By Magnificent New
Cunard S. S. "SCYTHIA"
Twin-Screw Oil-Burner, 20,000 tons
Sailing Jan. 30, 1924, 67 days, *repeating the complete success of the 1923 similar Cruise, same steamer, visiting*

EGYPT—PALESTINE
Madeira, Spain, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Constantinople, Greece, Italy, Sicily, Riviera, Monte Carlo, France, England

The "Scythia" is a veritable floating palace, with spacious decks, lounges, veranda cafes, 2 elevators, gymnasium, commodious staterooms with running water and large wardrobes; bedrooms and suites with private baths. Famous Cunard cuisine and service. (Only one sitting for meals.)

Stop-over privilege in Europe without extra cost, returning via S.S. "Aquitania," "Mauretania," "Berengaria," or any Cunard Line Steamer.
Rates, deck plans, itinerary and full information on request. Early reservation advisable.

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WITH every Cruise Comfort—broad decks, open-air tile swimming pool, gymnasium, verandah cafe, spacious public rooms and staterooms specially ventilated for tropical service—the beautiful triple-screw liner RELIANCE sails on a 25-day cruise to West Indies, under experienced United American Lines management.

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Write for the West Indies Cruise booklet "H" and full information.

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Or local steamship agents

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INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

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CÆSAR'S TIME LOST FOREVER

RIP VAN WINKLE still holds the championship record for losing time, points out the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, but the people of the Balkans are following closely in his footsteps this autumn. The other day two hundred million pious Eastern Orthodox Christians went to sleep on the 30th of September, according to their old calendar, and waked the next morning to find it was the 14th of October. Thirteen days are thus lost forever to many blameless, hard-working people, but the above-mentioned paper consoles them with the case of Rip who slept through as many years and more, to arise sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust. The largest wholesale loss of time on record in nearly three centuries and a half, is what the New York *Sun* calls it, adding:

What it means, simply, is that the Eastern Orthodox Christians, after using the calendar that Julius Cæsar established nearly 2,000 years ago for the whole period of their existence as a sect, have decided to get into step with the rest of the Christian world. Cæsar was middling scientific, but he was imperial enough. When he discovered that the calendar was ninety days ahead of the sun he ordered the people to use the same date for ninety days and give the sun a chance to catch up. And to prevent any repetition of this disparity between sun and calendar, Cæsar invented February 29, to be used once every four years. Cæsar could command his minions, but not the planets. The earth continued to make its round trip around the sun in a little less time than Cæsar had estimated, and by 1582, when Pope Gregory XIII took official notice of this irregularity, it amounted to several days. After adjusting sun and calendar to each other, it was ordained that every hundredth year should not be a leap year unless it were exactly divisible by four.

But the task of having this calendar adopted was no easy one even for Western Europe, it apparently becoming a political issue in the Wars of Religion. Introduced into Spain, Portugal and part of Italy the same day as at Rome, October 5 became October 15. France accepted it during the same year, and the Catholic States of Germany during the year following. But in other parts of Germany and the Scandinavian north it was not adopted until the year 1700, while it was opposed by popular prejudice in England until 1750, when an act was passed for its adoption.

Curiously enough we Americans were among the last people to adopt the more scientific calendar of those days, as the New York *Times* points out:

This calendar shift was made in America as well as in Western Europe in 1752, tho the error was then only ten days. George Washington, who was twenty years old at the time, did not wait to take advantage of the added days at the end of life; he moved forward his birthday from the 11th of February to the 22nd of February. This afterdating of one's birth was, however, forbidden in England by a law which prescribed that all dates of births or deaths prior to September 2, 1752, should be

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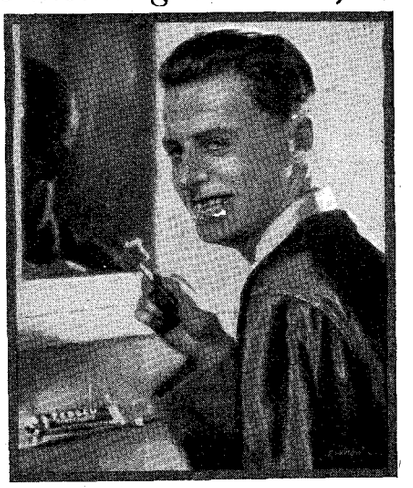
Ordinary brushing cannot keep back the acids of decay, but the mouth glands can, if you help them—



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

understood according to the Julian calendar. But the practical effect for the intervening days is now, as it was then, that for thirteen days there are neither births nor deaths, neither newspapers nor events to record—a fortnight's hiatus in history.

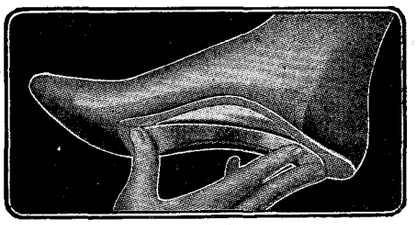
Some newspaper wags would have us believe that there are actually people who think the words of the Gregorian chant are "Thirty days hath September, April, June," etc. Yet it is interesting to note that one of the most conservative of Popes should have been responsible for a radical reform in the calendar, which still holds to-day. Of course, this reform of the calendar, point out various commentators, was not actually worked out in person by Ugo Buoncompagno, known to fame as Pope Gregory XIII, any more than the Julian calendar was really the work of C. Julius Cæsar. It may be assumed that the Pope was as busy founding colleges and chapels, fighting the Turks, Queen Elizabeth and Henry of Navarre, and in backing Philip II of Spain, as Cæsar was in Gaul and Egypt. The author of the Gregorian Calendar, we are told, was Luigi Lilio Ghiraldi, an astronomer and physician of Naples, and the necessary mathematical calculations for its verification were worked out after his death by Clavius, who issued them in a book of 800 pages authorized by the Pope in 1603.

Incidentally it may be interesting to note that Cæsar's calendar of 365¼ days, an adaptation of the original Roman calendar of 365 days (supposed to have been established by Romulus), was worked out for Cæsar by a Greek astronomer and mathematician, Sosigenes of Alexandria, in the face of violent ridicule from the conservatives, including Cicero. That calendars go back a long way beyond this, however, is brought out by P. V. Collins, writing in the Washington *Star:*

The earliest known efforts to mark off the lapse of seasons and years were made in Egypt. It was highly important that every available hour of crop-growth time be used in that narrow strip of fertile land along the Nile, where intensive cultivation was vital to the necessary food production for the great population. No delay in springtime in the planting of the crops could be permitted. Therefore, certain wise men planted a pole about eight feet high, and measured the length of its shadow when the sun crossed the meridian. At a certain length, the crop was sown. Yet, in even days, the measure was never alike. The shadow never seemed to reach its apex from year to year at the same time.

From the eight-foot shadow pole evolved the building of the pyramids in such exactness as to direction and height that their shadows formed gigantic sun-dials—5,000 years ago.

The shadow of the Sphinx marks the seasons, tho too indistinctly at their extreme points to come within a week of accuracy. In India, in Borneo, in Mexico and South America, gigantic sun-dials told the calendar



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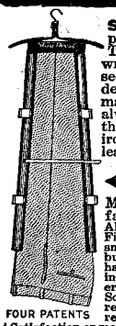

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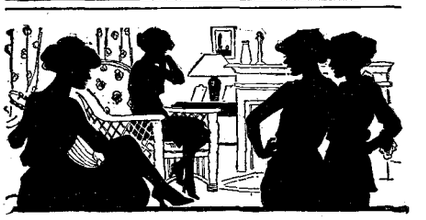

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—not too crudely. The shadows of Druidical Stonehenge of England, the Delhi obelisk in India and the obelisk in the center of St. Peter's Square, Rome, all mark the passage of time.

When Cortez conquered the Aztecs at the close of the fifteenth century, the Aztec calendar was measuring from the year 469 B. C., with an accuracy which would require 5,000 years to make a day's error, when compared with the sun.

Methuselah's age is the subject of an interesting speculation by this writer in discussing the Hebrew year, which was never 365¼ days, but in recent times varied from 354 to 384 days. Here is his theory, which has been advanced before:

The year, in Methuselah's day, was "one moon" long. His 969 "years" when he died was seventy-nine years. Abraham's 175 "years" (of five months each) were seventy-two years. Jacob's 147 years (of six months each) were seventy-three years. These dates are according to the calendars of the various periods referred to.

The Hebrew calendar was in use prior to the Egyptian bondage of the Israelites. During their stay in Egypt—two centuries—they adopted the Egyptian calendar. Not once, after the Exodus, is any age mentioned in the Bible beyond the modern usual limits.

From George Washington's time to the Great War important accessions to the Gregorian Calendar were Japan and China. China's lunar calendar of 354 days was abolished at the organization of the Republic in 1911. It took the World War to make the next changes of importance.

Then it was Turkey which took the first step, adopting the "New Style" in 1917. The Soviet Government, pursuing their policy of scrapping old customs, followed suit soon after, and Serbia and Roumania took the same action in 1919. But it took a gathering of Orthodox churchmen from all over Eastern Europe at Constantinople last spring to unscramble church time in the Balkans. They finally accepted Gregorian-time "with reservations" and a decree of the "Pan-Orthodox Congress" changed the time this October. Now, remarks *The Times*, "for the first time since 1582, the entire civilized world will be keeping the same time." "Everybody out of step, but father," however, seems to apply to the Ruthenian Catholics, known in Europe as the Uniates. The same paper, as well as *The Sun*, points out that about eight million of these people still stand by Julius Cæsar, half a million of them living in the United States. It appears that certain inhabitants of the Russian Ukraine and adjacent Ruthenia, having no great love for neighboring religions, objected to celebrating feast days of their church simultaneously with neighbors whom they disliked. While such prejudices may have largely disappeared, their calendar still remains a monument to them. The "reservations" of the Greek Catholic Church are explained by *The Sun*:

Working, perhaps, on the theory that as long as they had waited two thousand

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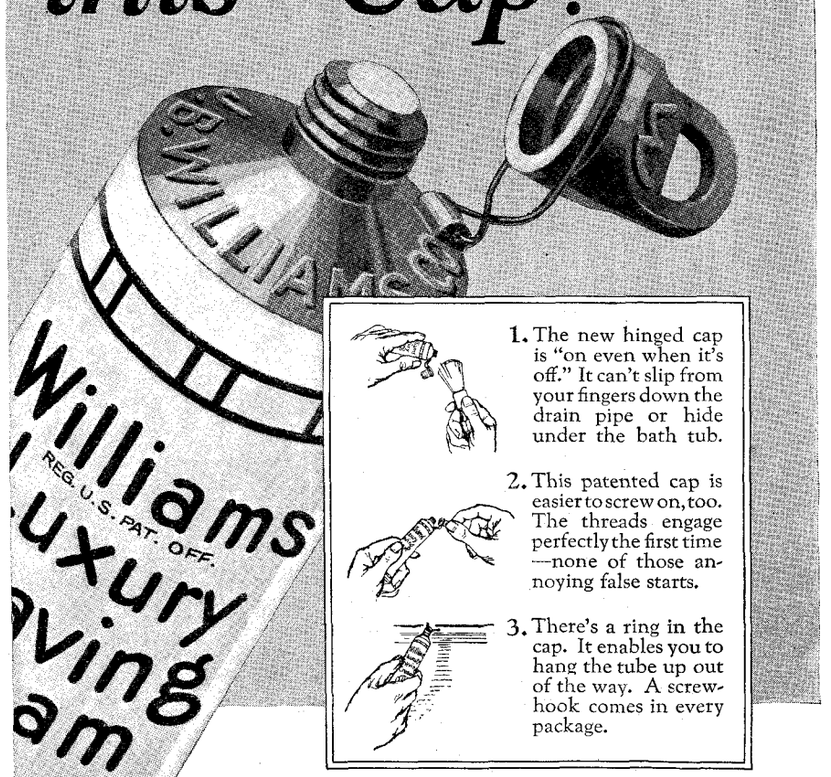

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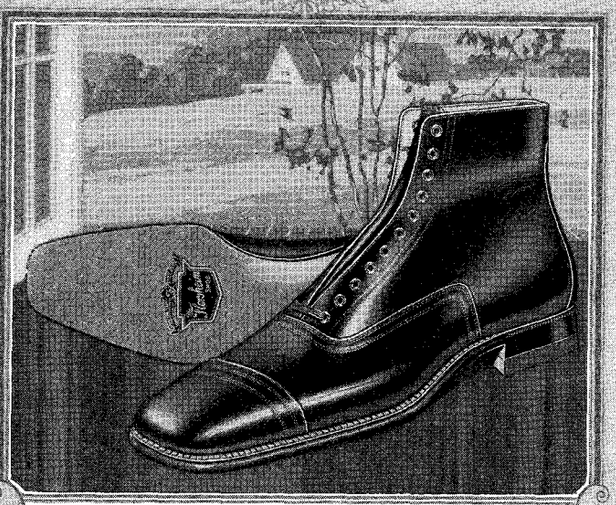

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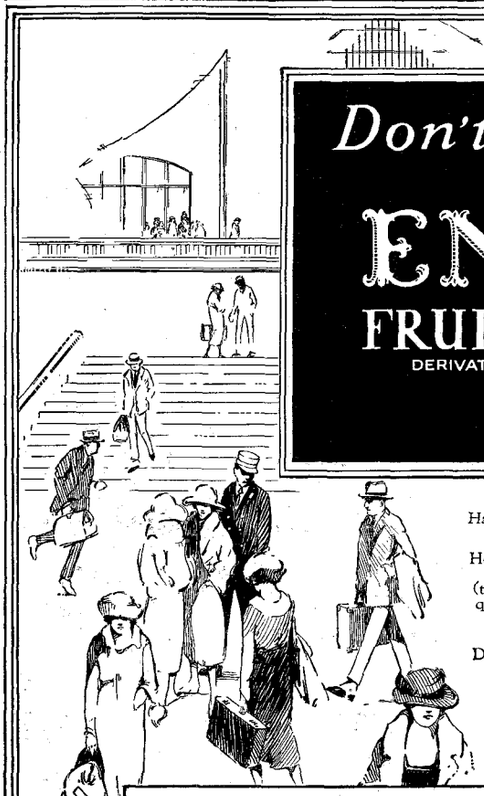

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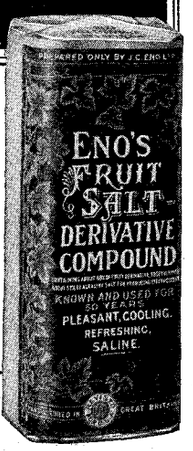
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

years to adopt a new calendar they might as well get one that was absolutely correct, they accept the Gregorian calendar, but insist that there must be no February 29 when the year 2,000 comes around. Professor Trpkovic, a Serbian astronomer, has calculated that the earth revolves about the sun in twenty-six seconds less than the measure of the Gregorian, enough, in fact, to put the calendar out of step with the sun one day every three thousand years.

It is doubtful if we will wait till the year 3323 before correcting this mistake. The Philadelphia *North American* mentions an "International Fixed Calendar League" which apparently expects to "bring about a universal adoption of a calendar even more accurate than the Gregorian." Specific suggestions have also been made for a fixt instead of a movable Easter, and a year divided into months of equal length. *The Times*, for example, quotes one suggestion of thirteen months of four weeks each, with one "annual international extra Saturday or Sunday added at the end of the year." That some such improvements are actually being considered, we learn from the same paper, as follows:

The League of Nations, assuming the function of Emperor and Pope in this matter, has appointed a special committee of inquiry to consider questions relating to the reform of the calendar. Mr. Willis H. Booth of New York has accepted the invitation of the League to become a member of the committee. This American man of business will have as associates, under the chairmanship of a noted French astronomer, representatives designated by the Holy See, the Ecumenical Patriarch, and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE CHEMIST BEHIND NEW YORK'S SKYSCRAPERS

THE first thing that attracts the attention of the newcomer as he sails up New York Bay is the imposing group of tall buildings, unequaled elsewhere in the world. As he looks up at one of these, he thinks of the architect who planned it and of the builder who constructed it, but he does not think of the chemist who is behind them all and without whom it would be impossible to erect and equip a skyscraper. He made the ink and paper with which the architect drew his plans, and he made most of the materials that the builders use. Even what seems to be natural material will be found on closer examination to have passed through the hands of the chemist. The doors and casements may be grained to look like wood, but tap them and you find them steel. There may be a coating of natural stone on the side facing the street, but the building is mostly composed of cement, concrete, brick, mortar, plaster, terra-cotta, tiles and glass, all of which are manufactured by chemical processes. The skeleton of the skyscraper is of steel, something not found in nature. The furnishings and electrical equipment are made largely

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of brass, bronze, tin, aluminum, rubber, celluloid and the like, all chemical products. So are all the paints and enamels that adorn and preserve the walls and metal work. Thus says Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, of Science Service, in its *Daily Science News Bulletin*. He continues:

In the skyscraper work goes on by night as well as by day, for rooms are lighted by electric currents flowing through wires of a new metal, tungsten, enclosed in glass bulbs from which the air has been exhausted and perhaps replaced by some inert gas. The chemist not only provides for fire in the form of matches, but he also furnishes the means of putting out fire if it gets out of bounds. In the halls you will see a fire-extinguisher ready, at the turning of a tap, to throw out a stream of water and quenching gases.

If you look into a shop window on the lower floor, you will see gay garments, colored with dyes prepared from coal-tar, and in many cases made from artificial fiber that rivals silk in sheen and beauty. In the corner drug-store many of the medicines are also prepared from this same coal-tar which once was thrown away or burned up as good for nothing. The chemist provides the weapons with which the doctor wards off the attack of microscopic enemies of mankind, the microbes.

The roots of the skyscraper go down deep in the ground and are embedded in the solid rock. But it would not have been possible for the building to have been dug so deep if the chemist had not provided explosives. The nitrogen gas which he extracted from the air and fixt in the form of dynamite or gunpowder returns to freedom with such violence as to rend the rocks.

In the top story of the skyscraper there is probably a restaurant, to take advantage of the lofty view, and there, too, the chemist plays an essential part. Cooking is a chemical process, and so also is cooling, which is almost as important to the modern chef. The foreign fruits and perishable meats have been preserved by artificial refrigeration by means of ammonia made from the nitrogen of the air. The china, the glass, the cutlery and the kitchen utensils are all chemical manufactures. The vegetables are grown by the aid of chemical fertilizers, containing potassium, phosphorus, nitrogen and lime. The foods and drinks are analyzed in the market so as to see that they contain no dangerous impurities or adulterants. The water supply of a great city has to be watched from day to day lest it should be visited by some deadly epidemic. If the old saying is right that "Cleanliness is next to godliness," then the chemist stands next to the preacher, for he invented soap many centuries ago, and has now added more powerful agents of purification, such as chlorin.

The automobiles which wait in front of the building are propelled by gasoline and oiled by lubricants manufactured from crude petroleum, and their wheels are tired with rubber vulcanized by the chemist.

In some large hall of the building you may very likely see motion pictures of events that happened far away and long ago, caught, preserved, and displayed on celluloid film, made from gun-cotton and camphor, and developed by coal-tar chemicals. You may also hear music from unseen singers and players, permanently recorded for the pleasure of posterity, on disks of synthetic resin. The radio apparatus on the roof, almost entirely composed of chemical products, receives messages and music from a thousand miles away through trackless space.

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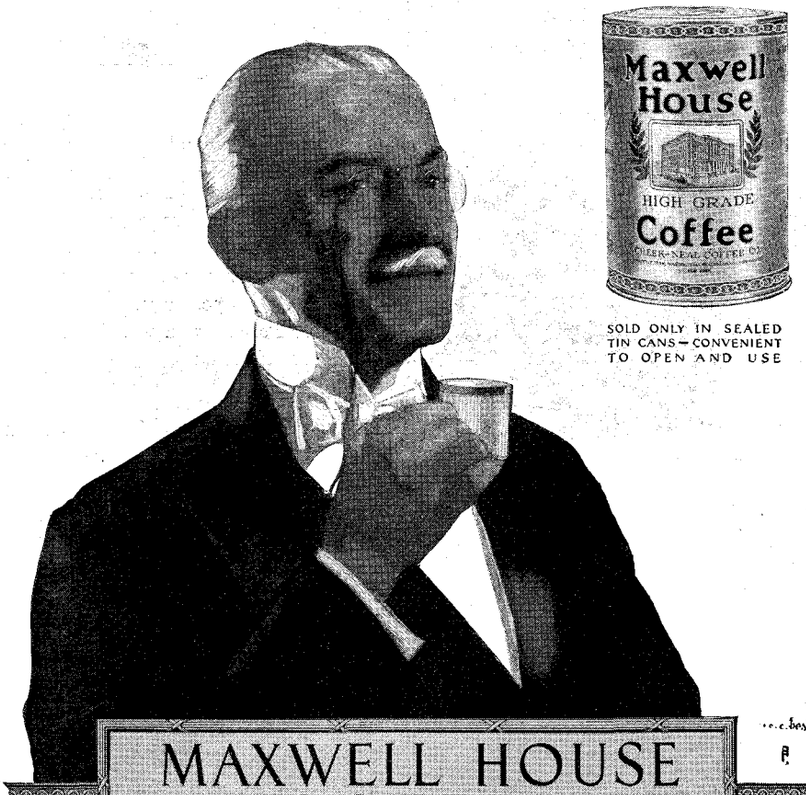

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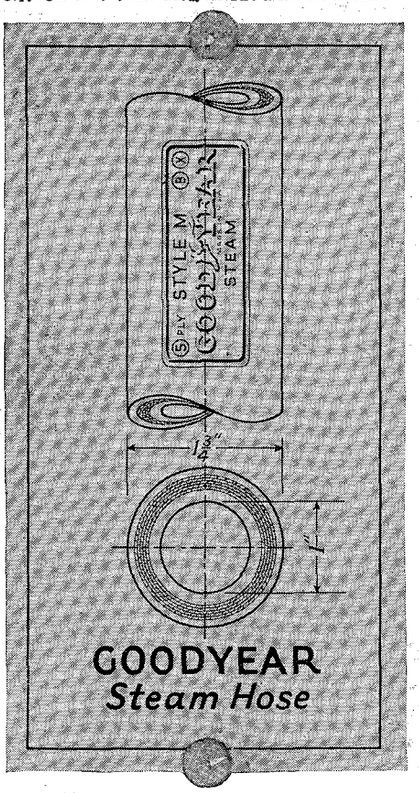

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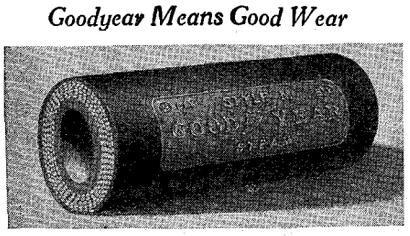

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

BUT CONSIDER THE CORN FARMER

SO much about the woes of the wheat farmer has been broadcasted through the press that it may not be amiss to note one of the many reminders that the corn farmer has no such cause for lamentation. Corn is bringing about a dollar a bushel in our chief grain markets, as compared with under 70 cents a year ago. To quote *The Brookmire Forecaster*, a weekly analysis of business conditions:

If corn prices remain approximately at their present levels, this year's indicated yields should give a money return to the producer of about 30 per cent. above that of 1922. A material increase such as this means a very marked improvement in the purchasing power of the corn-belt as a whole. State figures on the estimated crop show that an increase in this year's yield over 1922 is quite general throughout the States in which corn is the major crop. The forecast for 1923 yields, in comparison with those of a year ago, for the principal corn-producing States is as follows:

(BUSHELS, 000 OMITTED)

	Forecast 1923	*Yield 1922*	*Per Cent. change*
Ohio	158,412	149,097	+ 6.2
Indiana	184,608	176,395	+ 4.7
Illinois	338,706	313,074	+ 8.2
Wisconsin	84,826	98,300	−13.7
Minnesota	156,652	131,307	+19.3
Iowa	426,985	455,535	− 6.3
Missouri	197,483	175,275	+12.7
South Dakota	132,814	110,038	+20.7
Nebraska	263,138	182,400	+44.3
Kansas	130,405	98,391	+32.5

Of the ten States enumerated, only two show a decline from the yields of a year ago. The most encouraging feature of the report is the marked increase shown in the yield for Nebraska in comparison with that of 1922. In the corn-belt as a whole, this winter should witness materially better buying activity on the part of the farmers than has been since the deflation of 1920.

WAGE LEVELS ROUND THE WORLD

IT is very difficult in these days of depreciated currencies to compare the wages paid in different countries, and yet the divergencies in wage levels are extremely important as affecting internationl competition. Some indication of how things stand, says the editor of *The Nation's Business* (Washington, D. C.), appears in figures compiled by the British Minister of Labor showing the amount of food that can be purchased with the wages paid in certain occupations for 48 hours of work. Reduced to an index number, with the food-purchasing values of London wages being set at 100, these figures were for the spring of 1923:

New York	217	Brussels	70
Ottawa	180	Paris	68
Amsterdam	103	Prague	67
Christiania	92	Madrid	61
Stockholm	87	Berlin	57
Warsaw	85	Vienna	55

GERMAN GOLD IN SOUTH AMERICA

"IN SOUTH AMERICA the Germans are laughing," writes an Englishman in the London *Daily Mail*, upon his return from a tour of the South American republics. They are laughing, he explains, because during all this hubbub about Germany's ability to pay, "as everybody knows, the money is not in Germany at all—it is in South America." Business men on that continent with whom the writer in the London paper has talked, say that in 1918 Germany began to transfer her capital to South America, perceiving that she had lost the war. Then "two years later, when questions about war debts became awkward, she transferred a great deal more." And so, "to-day at a rough estimate, the Germans have £50,000,000 in Buenos Aires; £20,000,000 in Chile; and large amounts distributed among the other Republics." According to the information received and passed on by this English traveler:

It is all very cunningly done. For example, in Buenos Aires the Germans have only 12 companies registered under their own names—an insignificant number compared with the 140 registered British companies.

But to locate German capital one has to search deeper than registered lists. The Germans have converted their companies into Argentine concerns; the name counts for little; the money goes the same way.

The shipping in Buenos Aires Harbor must be as rich in value of merchandise as any in the world.

A few weeks ago the Germans had *the second flag in the port.*

Think what this means. For four and a half years, by fair means and foul, Germany endeavored to cripple the merchant service of Great Britain. In punishment she was ordered to surrender all her own shipping except what was necessary for her immediate needs. *Three years later she has lying off the wharves of Buenos Aires the second most powerful merchant fleet of any country.*

Hugo Stinnes's name is a power in Argentina. Stories of German prosperity echo from all sides. No more important firm exists in Buenos Aires than the Argentine Iron and Steel Company, who have supplied half the building material of the city. Their turnover in 1922 exceeded 2½ millions sterling.

This huge old-established concern admits freely that it now has a serious competitor to face.

Two years ago Herr Thyssen, of the Ruhr, started a rival company. To-day "Thyssen" building boards may be seen all over Buenos Aires.

In Chile I heard the same tale with regard to the nitrate industry of the country.

Before leaving Argentina I took a drive through Belgrano, the German colony outside Buenos Aires. The Germans are building themselves palaces in Belgrano which an Argentine millionaire might envy.

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TWO VIEWS OF THE GREAT AMERICAN SPENDER

IN spite of the continually increasing saving-banks deposits, at least one prominent investment banker feels that Americans are becoming less thrifty, and he is not very cheerful over the prospect. The New York *Times* quotes Mr. Jules S. Bache of J. S. Bache & Co. of New York:

While 85,000 people spent, with alacrity, $1,250,000 to see a prize-fight; while movie theaters are crowded to capacity; while department stores are doing the business of their careers; while limited railroad trains at high fares are crowded to capacity, and running in numerous sections, with drawing-rooms in greater demand than single berths, and while automobile companies are selling to capacity, there seems to be no money for investment, and investment securities are on the bargain counter at enormous and almost unparalleled returns on the money invested.

It is true that the savings banks of the country have increased their deposits by $500,000,000 during the past year, very much of which has been contributed by wage-earners of foreign birth. But I do not consider this an evidence of any development of thrift by the American people.

This accounts very largely for the situation which we find in Wall Street; and, added to this, far-seeing students of conditions note with dismay and uneasiness for the future the constant demand and granting of increases in wages; the settlement of every strike in the interest of the strikers; the cold shoulder shown to capital by designing politicians, and the gradual withdrawal of large amounts of that capital from active participation in the development of the country.

But a more cheerful comment on the same situation appears in a Pacific Coast financial periodical. Our people, we read in *The Coast Banker* (San Francisco and Los Angeles), are spending more than ever and saving more. It seems to the California writer that a nation of spenders may be a very different thing from a nation of spendthrifts, and he hazards a conjecture that by spending freely, the American people may be lifting themselves to newer and higher standards of living:

When we see the majority of the people spending lavishly for the things which were esteemed luxuries a decade ago, we are apt to fall into the gloomy mood of a censor of morals and to mutter lugubrious warnings. And perhaps we may be justified. . . But in the surge and resurge of abounding industry we seem to perceive a drift that is sweeping mankind to higher levels of living.

The trouble with all industrial systems preceding our own was that they gave too large a proportion of the available wealth to the few, and oftentimes did not endow the few very richly. The American carpenter or bricklayer lives better to-day than did the barons of the early Middle Ages. Processes that then took centuries to complete are now finished in a few decades, and new processes of social and industrial reconstruction entered upon. The chief retarding influence now, as of old, is war and its waste. But even war and its waste has not lowered the standard of living in the United States. And this is a matter of astonishment for the economist.

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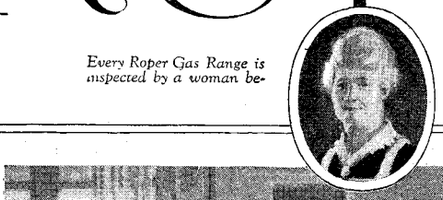

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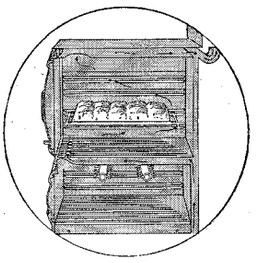

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

October 10.—Premier Poincaré rejects the German proposal for a discussion to bring about resumption of normal activity in the Ruhr, saying that any German proposal for reparations must first be taken to the Reparations Commission.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen, South China's Constitutionalist leader, declares war on Tsao Kun, President-elect of China.

October 12.—Serious food riots occur in various parts of Germany, thirteen people being killed in the Duesseldorf area.

October 13.—The Reichstag confers on Chancellor Stresemann extra-constitutional authority to deal with the economic and financial situation in Germany, by a vote of 316 to 24.

The Belgian Government invites the French, British and Italian Governments to refer to the interallied Reparations Commission the Belgian reparations plan, submitted on June 6. This plan is said to have fixt the total indemnity to be paid by Germany at 40,000,000,000 gold marks.

Diego Manuel Chamorro, President of Nicaragua, dies at San Juan Del Sur.

More food riots occur in Duesseldorf, Frankfort and Cologne, and several people are killed.

October 14.—The Turkish Nationalist Assembly votes to retain Angora as the capital of Turkey.

The German Government orders the railway men in the occupied territory to work under the Franco-Belgian railway administration.

"Political Zionism is dead," states Israel Zangwill, noted Jewish author, to the American Jewish Congress meeting in New York. He says that Jews must forego their hope of establishing a Jewish homeland in Palestine.

October 15.—Premier Poincaré is reported to have agreed to a preliminary interallied meeting with the Reparations Commission to discuss means of getting order out of the present chaotic conditions in the Ruhr.

The nomination of Dr. Cosme de la Torriente to be Cuba's first Ambassador to the United States is confirmed by the Cuban Senate.

October 16.—A Berlin mob of 12,000 people demand food and unemployment aid, and in the ensuing rioting twenty people are reported wounded by the police.

Passive resistance instead of armed resistance is decided on by the Ardfheis, the general Council of Sinn Fein, as the future policy of Irish republicanism toward the Free State Government.

DOMESTIC

October 10.—Three men are killed and five are injured in an explosion on the United States submarine *S-37*, off San Pedro, California.

The riot charges brought against N. C. Jewett, Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan in Oklahoma, and against two others, who were accused of whipping,

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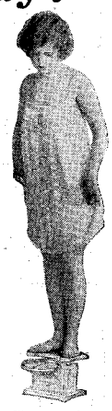

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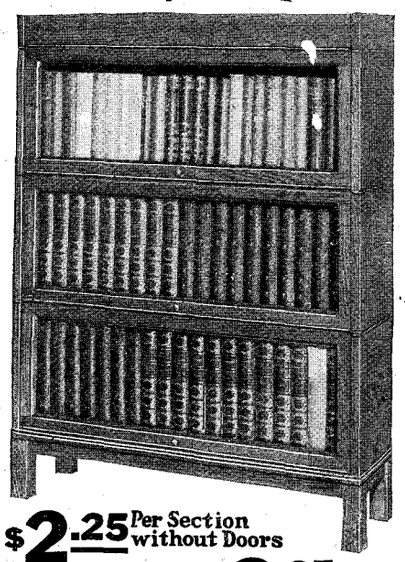

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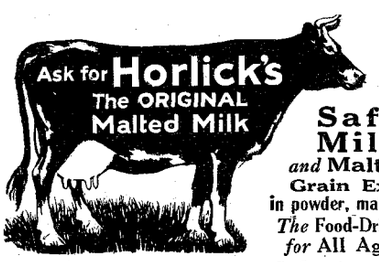

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CURRENT EVENTS
Continued

are dismissed in an Oklahoma City court.

October 11.—The Oklahoma Legislature unanimously orders Speaker W. B. McBee to appoint a House committee of investigation and impeachment to inquire into Governor Walton's administration. No attention is paid to the Governor's request that the Legislature's first action be to pass an anti-Klan bill to be submitted by him.

October 12.—Samuel Gompers is unanimously reelected president of the American Federation of Labor, in convention at Portland, Oregon.

Governor Walton of Oklahoma removes from office Aldridge Blake, Executive Counsellor, and Dr. E. T. Bynum, State Bank Commissioner. Dr. Bynum's administration is termed "entirely unsatisfactory," but no explanation is given in the other case.

October 14.—Addressing the Citizens' Conference in Washington on Prohibition law enforcement, Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania says it is idle to suggest that the Prohibition law can not be enforced, and declares that enforcement should be under the active direction of the President.

Nine people are killed and one seriously hurt when a passenger train strikes an automobile on a railroad crossing near Fairland, Indiana.

October 15.—The Citizens' Conference on Prohibition being held in Washington adopts resolutions calling on the President to take personal charge of the Prohibition law enforcement.

The New York "Yankees" win the world series from the New York "Giants" by four games to two.

October 16.—President Coolidge secures the promise of President Samuel Rea, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, to look into the possibility of reducing the freight rates on coal, and asks him to assist in bringing about lower rates on export wheat.

The *Leviathan* and other government ships under the flag of the United States Lines will hereafter be operated under the supervision of a committee of the Shipping Board, announces Chairman Farley.

The American-Jewish Congress adopts a resolution urging Great Britain to fulfil all the obligations under the Palestine mandate, in order to forward the program for the establishment of a Jewish homeland in Palestine.

There Was Hope.—LADY—"Tobe, I'm sorry to hear your wife got a divorce."

TOBE—"Yessum, she done gone back to Alabama."

LADY—"Who will do my washing now?"

TOBE—"Well, mum, I'se co'tin' again, and I co'ts rapid."—*Cincinnati Western Christian Advocate.*

Adaptable.—EMPLOYER (to new office boy)—"Can you learn quickly the duties of your position?"

N. O. B. (proudly)—"*Yes, sir.* I had five positions this month and I learned the duties of every one of them."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

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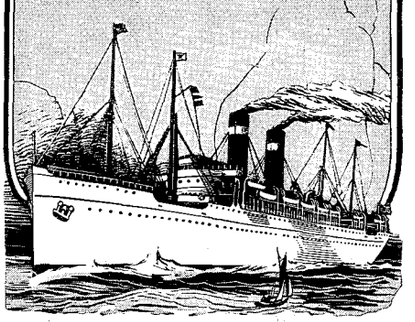

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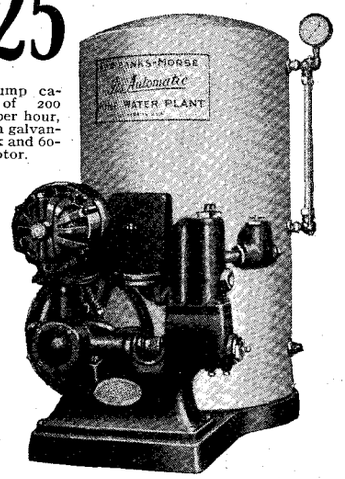

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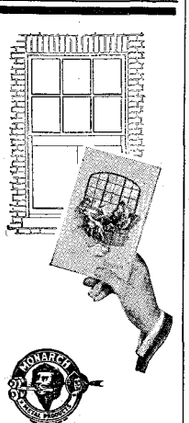

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"F. D. E.," Tampa, Fla.—The Lexicographer regrets that he can not undertake to answer or to discuss any points of grammar that his correspondents are capable of settling for themselves by referring to any good school grammar, such as Fernald's "English Grammar Simplified," or his "Working Grammar of the English Language," both published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company. He thanks you for your courteous communication of September 30th. The points of grammar that have been discussed in this Department are unusual points. The sentence submitted is one which any pupil in the grammar grade of a public school can explain by referring to his grammar. The rule is: A verb must agree with its subject in number and person. "There never *were* better *bargains* than these," not "There never *was* better bargains than these."

Kindly read carefully the note at the head of this Column: "To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this Column, *the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.*"

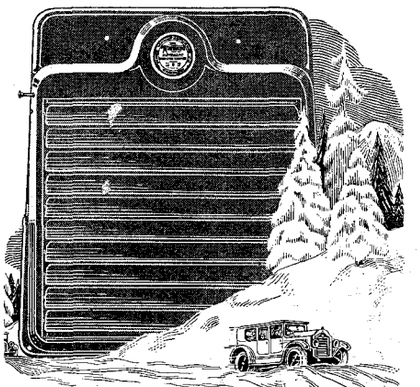
"J. S. M.," Indianapolis, Indiana—The modern *writing machine* traces its origin to January 7, 1714, when Queen Anne, "willing to give encouragement to all arts and inventions that may be of public use and benefit," granted unto Henry Mill "a special license, full power, sole privilege, and authority to enjoy his said new invention—an artificial machine for the impressing or transcribing of letters singly or progressively, one after another, as in writing, whereby all writing whatsoever may be engrossed in paper or parchment so neat and exact as not to be distinguished from print."

The next machine of the kind was the product of a typographer named William Austin Burt, who lived in Detroit, Mich., and who on July 23, 1829, received a patent for the manufacture of his first typewriter. In 1784, the French invented a writing machine, but the name of the man who did so has not been preserved to posterity. In 1833, Xavier Pogrin, of Marseilles, invented a writing machine which had a separate lever and key for each letter. In 1840, Alexander Bain received a patent for a writing machine which was used mainly in connection with the telegraph. In 1844, Littledale, of York, exhibited at the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, a typewriting machine which was brought to the attention of the members by the Rev. William Taylor, a fellow of the Royal Society.

In 1844 a man named Vickers, of Sheffield, patented a writing machine in behalf of a nameless foreigner, but Vickers had been anticipated by an American named Charles Thurber, who in 1843 completed a writing machine remarkable for its effective spacing. Thurber's machine closely resembled one made by an Englishman named Newton; so closely, indeed, did they resemble each other that it was claimed that one was a piracy of the other.

The first machine manufactured at reasonable cost was that of Pierre Foucault, a pupil of the Institute of the Blind in Paris. This was so nearly completed in 1849 that it was placed on exhibition in the French capital, and the inventor received a gold medal. It was manufactured at a cost of one hundred dollars.

Many other machines were made between this period and the machine produced by Beach and Francis. Beach's machine had a basket principle, and was invented in 1856. In 1861, Thomas Hall, of New York, produced a machine that enabled an operator to write four hundred letters a minute. John Pratt, of Center, Ala., built a machine which was patented in England December 1, 1866, and in the United States Christopher Latham Sholes, of Milwaukee, Wis., perfected a typewriter in 1867 when the first machine was made. In 1873, this invention was so far successful as to warrant the manufacture of machines on a large scale, and the inventors turned to the Remington Factory at Ilion, N. Y.



Cold Weather Motor Efficiency

Winterfront on your car means an end to cold weather driving worries.

At its best, winter driving has always caused trouble for your motor; worry, delay and uncertainties for you.

Winterfront ends all this. It costs but a few dollars and can be put on by your dealer in a few minutes.

How Winterfront works—

—it is positive and automatic in operation, like the pores of your skin. When your body temperature becomes high, your pores open to allow the body to breathe freely and cool off. When your body is cold the pores close up to keep the heat in.

—Winterfront works in much the same way. When your motor heats up, the shutters automatically open. When your motor cools off, the shutters close, keeping in the heat.

What Winterfront saves—

—it saves gas and oil because it maintains an efficient working temperature

—it prevents freezing while motor is running and protects your motor while standing at the curb

—it eliminates starting difficulties because it keeps the heat under the hood for hours

—it keeps cold air from entering the driving compartment.

REMEMBER—Winterfront assures real "worry-less" winter driving. It makes any motor run better all through Fall, Winter or Spring.

Any Motor Will Run Better With A
PINES AUTOMATIC
WINTERFRONT
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

We advise you to see your dealer at once and if out of the model for your car he will gladly get it for you.

PINES MANUFACTURING CO.
408-412 N. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Pines Manufacturing Company,
408–412 N. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Please send your folder No. 110 and let me know the most convenient place for me to have a Winterfront installed.
My car is.....Model.....
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
Digest 10–27

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THE · SPICE · OF · LIFE

Remembering His Habits.—Charlie Chaplin visited in New York. Bet the waiters ducked after handing him his pie.—*Dayton Daily News.*

Depraved Person.—WAITER—"That man at the last table wants a drink for nothing."

CAPTAIN—"Well, tell him we'll have him arrested for impersonating an officer."—*Life.*

The Kind to Pick On.—MRS. PLUMP—"Well, all I've got to say is, if we do have another war, I hope it is with France. The French are *so* polite."—*Life.*

All Wrong. — THE LAWYER—"I have succeeded in making a settlement with your husband that is eminently fair to both of you."

MRS. TRIPLEWED—"Fair to both! I could have done that myself. What do you think I hired you for?"—*Boston Globe.*

Charge!—The chairman of the gas company was making a popular address.

"Think of the good the gas company has done," he cried. "If I were permitted a pun, I would say in the words of the immortal poet, 'Honor the light brigade.'"

At this point a consumer jumped up with the shout: "Oh, what a charge they made!"—*Collegian Reporter.*

He Did His Best.—"So," sobbed Illma Vaselineovitch, "Ivan Ninespotski died in battle! Do you say he uttered my name as he was dying?"

"Part of it," replied the returned soldier; "part of it."—*New York World.*

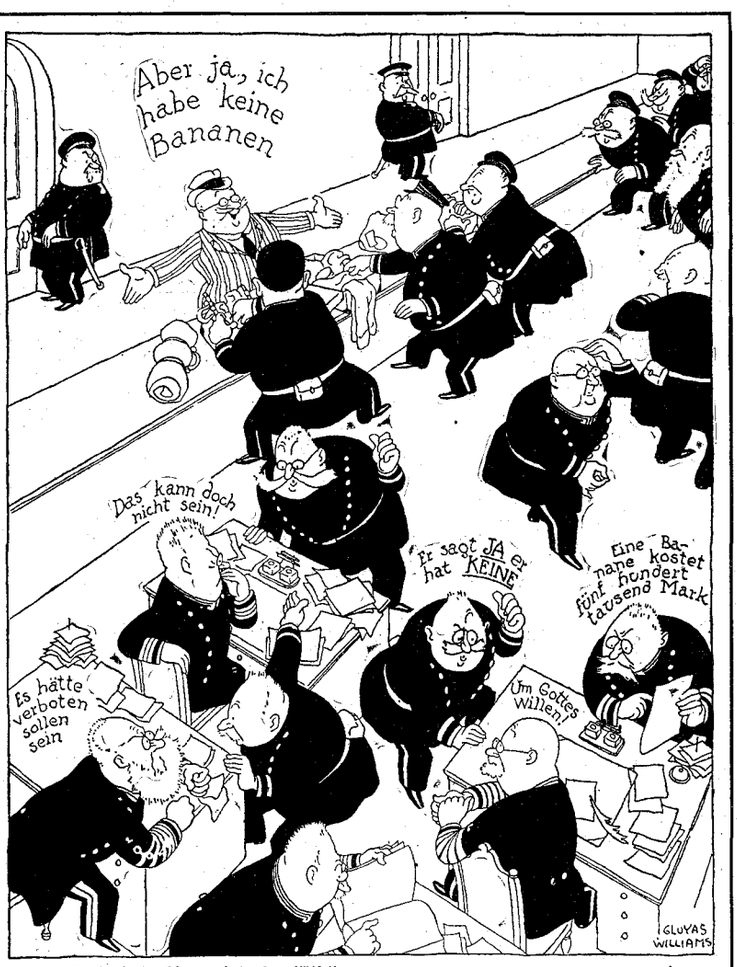
Quaint New York Custom.—An old edition of Morse's geography declares that "Albany has four hundred dwelling houses and twenty-four hundred inhabitants, all standing with their gable-ends to the street."—*Quoted from a scrap-book by a resident of Boyds, Md.*

Better Than Ponce de Leon's Fount.—In the showing is a suit any man can wear with the assurance that the cut of his clothes is exactly in accordance with the accepted ideas in the leading style centers. Particular attention has been given to student requirements. Many models are shown redolent with the spirit of youth that come with two pairs of trousers.—*From a clothing ad. in the Arizona Daily Star (Tucson, Ariz.).*

A Sad Case.—The straw hat bell rings this week from the Hartford hospital where she has been undergoing treatment.—*Litchfield Leader (Winsted, Conn.).*

Prodigy.—"You say Smithers is remarkable. What's remarkable about him?"

"Made a trip abroad, and when he returned he hadn't the slightest idea how to save Europe."—*American Legion Weekly.*


Aber ja, ich habe keine Bananen
Das kann doch nicht sein!
Er sagt JA er hat KEINE
Eine Banane kostet fünf hundert tausend Mark
Es hätte verboten sollen sein
Um Gottes Willen!
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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UTTER DISRUPTION OF THE GERMAN CUSTOMS OFFICE ON THE RETURN OF A TRAVELER FROM AMERICA.

No Home Safe Without It.—Little boy in Brooklyn sat down and ate up an entire popular novel. What they should have given him immediately was a copy of THE LITERARY DIGEST.—*New York Journal.*

Police!—A pretty home wedding was solemnized last evening at 5 o'clock, when the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Williams became the bride of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Richards, both of Bangor.—*Easton (Pa.) Express.*

Rising to the Occasion.—The gracious personality of this charming singer won for her much praise and admiration. The two succeeding songs, "Give Me All of You" and "Kiss Me Again," met with warm responses.—*Oregon City Enterprise.*

The Hastening Throng.—"Our new cook always boils our breakfast eggs too hard."

"You are lucky. We can't get our cooks to stay that long."—*Kasper (Stockholm).*

The Ghost Walks.—Mr. Gorsline was sweeping the floor of the wagon off with a broom and didn't see the deceased descending the ladder.—*From a report in the Hudson Daily Star.*

Too Late.—THE FOREMAN—"Send in young Clancy. I saw him smoking on a load of powder a while ago, and I'm going to fire him."

RAFFERTY—"Here's a part of his hat."—*American Legion Weekly.*

ThE TyPwritrr

Yestrdy was the gulden jubilee of the typewrit If it were not for the typwrit§ we would not be able xxx to write this editor-al so quickly @s our ordinary hand-writinf is not only hard to readbut takes a long time to write. Because fiftyers ago the typwr%t was invnted by Alex Bell or whoevr) the tenks of allwriting men should be exxtend"ed to the pioooner spirit wha first conveixed this tim and money sa?ing deVice! Because of the tpewrit§ Robert W. Chambrs and Heerold B. wright and the others can turn out &$%§")¾ more bks per yr than Plato, Aristott, Bnevuto Cellinnny an the other ancniets cud writ in a liftom and if that is nto a sing of progress then WE ask whta is/

N; B¼ wE hope our readers will excsue the tiping of the above as our reglra steno? has gone off in a roshhashona.—*New York Leader.*

Something Wrong. — DOCTOR—"How are my ten patients this morning?"

NURSE—"Nine of them died, Doctor."

DOCTOR—"That's funny. I left medicine for ten."—*New York News.*

An Optimist.—A German shoemaker left the gas turned on in his shop one night, and upon arriving in the morning, struck a match to light it. There was a terrific explosion, and the shoemaker was blown out through the door and almost to the middle of the street. A passer-by rushed to his assistance, and, after helping him to arise, inquired if he was injured. The little German gazed at his place of business, which was now burning quite briskly, and said: "No, I aindt hurt. But I got out shust in time. Eh?"—*Boston Congregationalist.*

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